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NOVEMBER 2009

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YOU WILL ALWAYS RUN
AFTER A HOT PIECE OF ASS

Matthew
McKindagay

Jennifer
Hardener

GHOST OF YOUR EX-GIRLFRIEND'S ASS

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad or a real movie. The real movie sucked. It is true, however, that a man will always be haunted by his ex-girlfriend's ass—if she was hot. Just ask Brian Austin Green (Megan Fox's ex), Billy Bob Thornton (Angelina Jolie's former husband) and P. Diddy (Jennifer Lopez's onetime fiancé). They're all still haunted.

"You lied to me! And you came in my mouth!"

HUSTLER®

LARRY FLYNT'S
FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

NOVEMBER 2009 VOLUME 36 NUMBER 5 • **HustlerMagazine.com**

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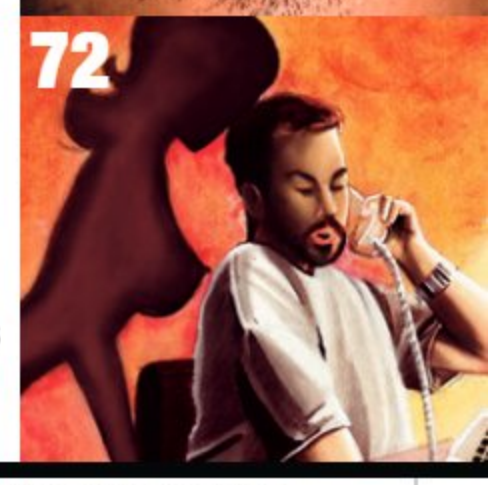

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Cover photo by Mark Lit/DigitalDesire.com

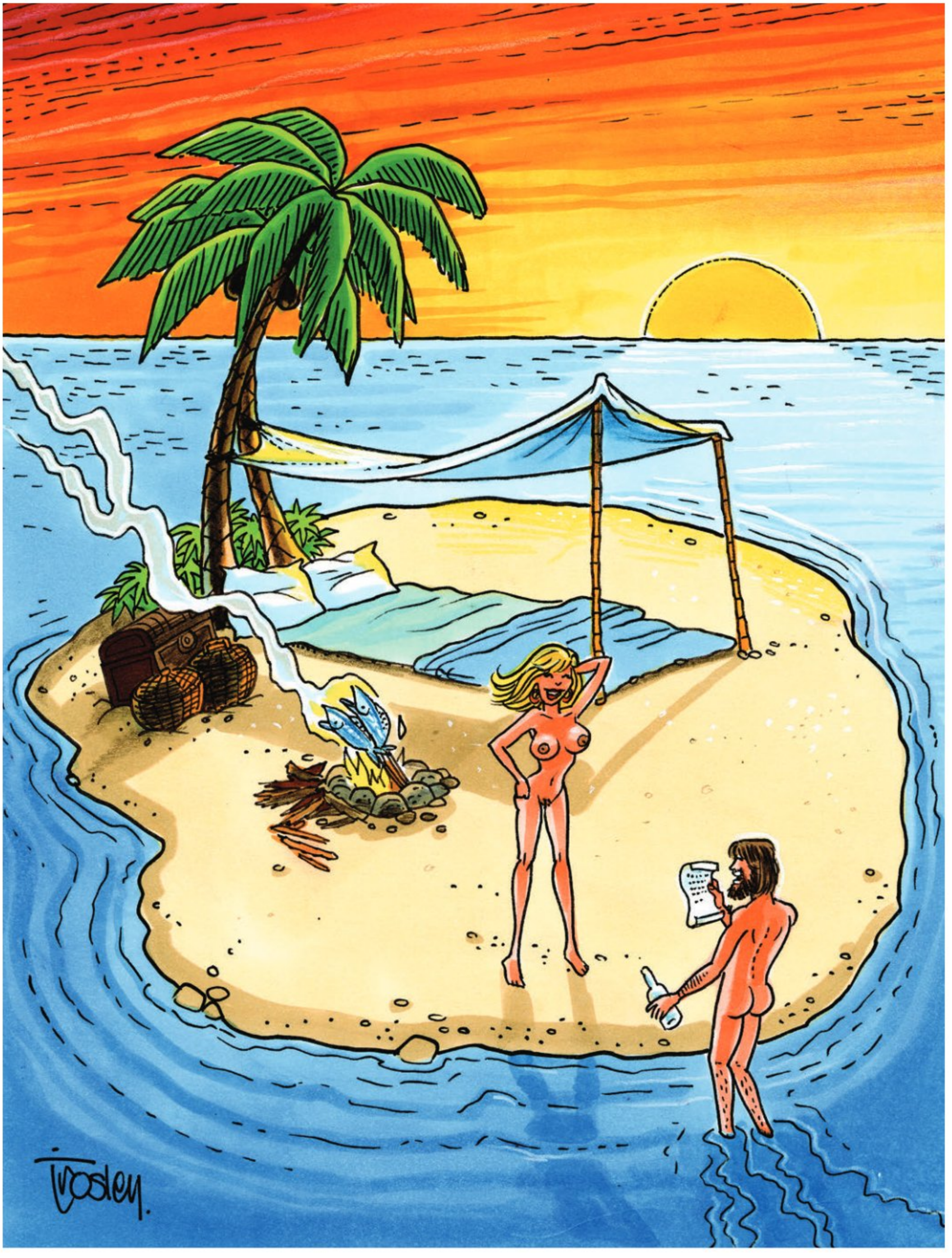
WHAT'S OBAMA DOING?

Given President Barack Obama's campaign promises, you'd think that, once in office, he'd have swiftly put an end to the warrantless spying on the American people. But, in fact, he has yet to halt this Bush-era policy of snooping into our private communications—our phones calls, e-mails and God knows what else—even though it's a clear violation of our civil liberties. What are we to make of this?

It may well be that, despite Obama's best intentions, political realities have made it difficult to rescind the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act. Given the way Washington, D.C., operates—especially when it comes to the intelligence community—that wouldn't be a big surprise. But if Obama won't stand up for our civil liberties, he doesn't deserve a second term.

Let's hope Obama isn't just another empty suit playing a shell game with the American people.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

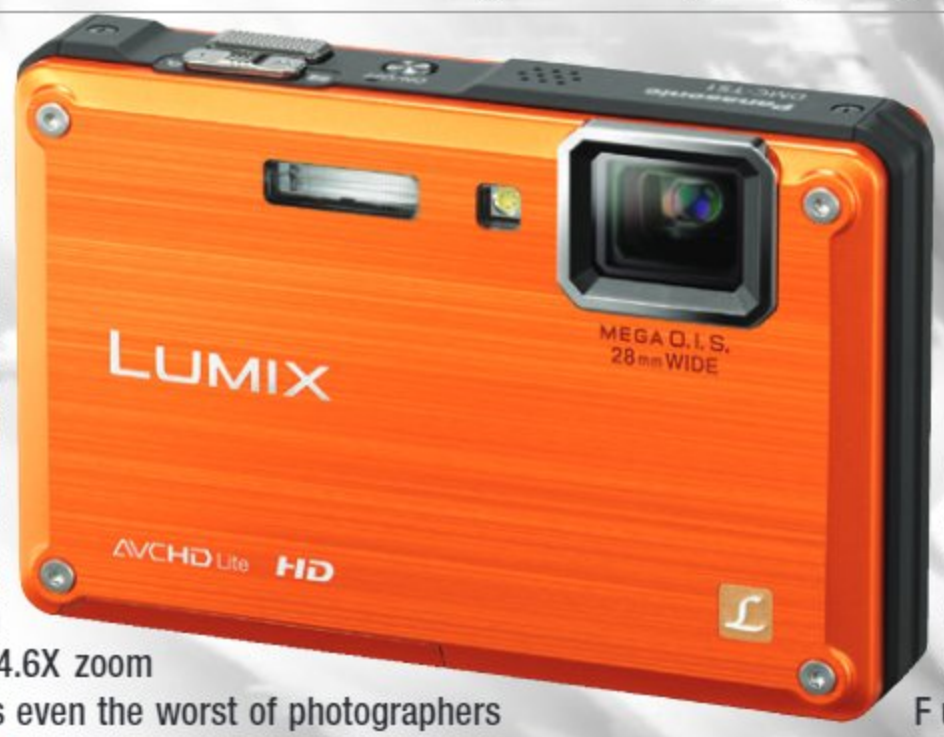


"It says, 'Help...I'm broke, out of work and stranded in America.'"

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Better living through gadgets. TECH KNOW

SAY CHEESE



Looking for a digital camera that can take all the abuse you dish out? How about one that has passed repeated drop tests? Check out Panasonic's new **LUMIX DMC-TS1**, the world's first waterproof (up to 10 feet), shockproof and dustproof digital camera. This marvel has a 12.1-megapixel camera with a 28mm wide-angle lens, a 4.6X zoom and an auto mode that allows even the worst of photographers to just aim and shoot. The **TS1**, which also records HD video footage at 1280 X 720-pixel resolution, is available in several cool colors (including silver, red and orange). Best of all, you can take this durable camera wherever the action takes you. You *are* getting some action, aren't you?

Available at ***Panasonic.com***; suggested retail price: $399.95.

SHOOT 'EM UP!

Lock and load for the ultimate hunting experience without game consoles or getting a license. Modeled after the popular arcade game, **Big Buck Hunter Pro TV Game** from JAKKS Pacific replicates hunting big game with a pump-action rifle in the comfort of your home. Stalk your prey without having to wear an orange vest, not to mention dealing with a kill's blood and guts. **Big Buck Hunter Pro** works with all standard and flat-screen TVs. Just plug, play and shoot. So long, Bambi.

Available at major retailers; suggested retail price: $39.99.

BLAST OFF

Sure, you have an impressive collection in your iTunes library, but who cares? The only time you ever play music for anyone, it's emanating from those crappy computer speakers of yours. The **Sound Blaster** from Creative is a breakthrough that transforms your PC or Mac into a top-of-the-line wireless sound system. Once the thumb-size drive is plugged into a USB port, the signal is sent to the accompanying Creative wireless receiver. (More receivers can be added for just $69.99 each.) Your tunes will never sound so good.

Available at ***US.Creative.com***; suggested retail price: $149.99.

ROCK ON!

Everyone wants to be a rock star. Why else are video games like *Guitar Hero* so damn popular? Maybe you should put down that fake plastic controller and pick up a real ax. Parker Guitars' **Fly P-44** features a mahogany body, bolt-on maple neck, dual humbuckers and a Fulcrum-style tremolo. Featuring an incredible tonal range at an affordable price, this stylish, cool-looking six-string will bring out your inner shredder. So get rockin', pal! Go out and buy a **Fly P-44** today. Or, if you're short on cash (or just a cheapskate), maybe you can win the pictured HUSTLER custom model. See details below.

WIN THIS

Available at ***ParkerGuitars.com***; suggested retail price: $699. (The only HUSTLER model in existence is priceless.)

WANNA ROCK?! ENTER TO WIN THIS ONE-OF-A-KIND PARKER FLY P-44 SIGNATURE HUSTLER CUSTOM GUITAR.

For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address and signature on a postcard) and send it to Custom Guitar Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ ZIP Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) ☐YES ☐NO

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

CUT IT OUT!

Saw: The Video Game

Konami

PS3 & Xbox 360

Just in time for Halloween, the game you've been dying to play finally arrives! As play begins, you are trapped in the lair (an abandoned insane asylum) of the mysterious and psychotic serial killer Jigsaw from the popular horror movie franchise. Taking place between the first and second films, ***Saw: The Video Game*** will answer questions arising from both. Search for clues and items that can help you out of the puzzles and traps. Or die. That's up to you.

DARK DAYS INDEED

inFamous

Sony

PS3

Designed exclusively for PlayStation 3, this highly anticipated game is sure to create a stir on par with the launch of ***Halo*** and ***BioShock***. You're Cole MacGrath, a bike messenger transformed into a reluctant superhero after a massive energy blast zaps Empire City. Use your electricity-based powers against living targets as well as inanimate objects to defeat the three major forces that have taken over the now-decimated Empire City. The action is fierce and layered, and the open world environment is breathtaking. You'll love ***inFamous***. Just watch out for the Reapers.

BLADES OF STEEL

X-Men Origins: Wolverine

Activision

PS3, PS2, DS, PSP

When it comes to superhero games, the new ***Wolverine*** title is a cut above the rest. Bad puns aside, this game really does kick ass! It delivers the most true-to-character action ever seen in a Wolverine game. Perform death-defying feats, utilize your brute strength, sustain massive damage and regenerate in real time while uncovering your mysterious and complex past. The game weaves in and out of the film's storyline for an epic experience.

METALLICA ROCKS!

Guitar Hero: Metallica

Red Octane/Activision

PS3, Xbox 360

It was only a matter of time before the hardest band in music history got its own video game. Now you can shred and wail along with James, Lars, Kirk and Robert on handpicked tracks from Metallica's 25-year run. There are also 20 guest bands, led by Motörhead, Slayer, Foo Fighters and Judas Priest. Rock on!

Who's Watching the Store?

A NEW PRESIDENT IS IN OFFICE, DISPENSING WASHINGTON ASPIRINS FOR WALL STREET'S BRAIN CANCER RATHER THAN ORCHESTRATING SOUND OVERSIGHT.

It is the great and terrible irony of capitalism that if left unfettered, it inexorably engineers its own demise, either through revolution or economic collapse. The guardians of capitalism's survival are thus not the smug free-marketers and brainy libertarians who, in defiance of the pragmatic Adam Smith himself, want to chop away at all government restraints on corporate actions, but rather liberals who seek to harness its awesome power while keeping its workings palatable to a civilized and progressive society.

Unfortunately, we seem to have misplaced all our liberals. See, whether it was child labor in dark coal mines, the buying and selling of human beings to pick cotton, or the unfathomable devastation of the Great Depression, the brutal creativity of the pure profit motive has always posed a stark challenge to our belief that we are moral creatures. The modern bureaucratic governments of the developed world were built, unconsciously, as a bulwark, something big and oafish enough to, occasionally, stand up to capital, much as a referee must show the yellow card to stronger, younger athletes. Our referees right now are as honest as that NBA guy with the gambling debts.

Sure, when times are relatively good, it is predictable that the managers of our government will be seduced by the mythology of capitalism. This seduction is fueled by bribes, legal or not, as well as by an echo chamber of excitement in the larger media and society. It helps too if the worst consequences of greed can be portrayed as dusty textbook memories no longer possible in our modern whiz-bang America.

Remember the "Dow 50,000" guy? By the 1990s, having been beat up by Ronald Reagan, the Democratic Party decided to cut its ties with its Great Regulator and party builder, Franklin Roosevelt, having soured of playing the "good cop" exemplified by that moralizing bust, Jimmy Carter. With the steep decline in the clout of manufacturing unions, it seemed natural to follow the big money dripping out of Gordon Gekko's Italian suit pockets.

It was Bill Clinton, a good but overly ambitious man, who tapped into this new paradigm so aptly, accepting both Wall Street money and vision, compliantly teaming with a Republican Congress to knock down the fences set up by FDR to protect the banking industry from its own greed. Clinton's reward was to receive credit—and a second term—for creating a boom economy much like that of the "Roaring '20s," a series of bubbles creating paper wealth for the lucky folks already blessed with real estate, inheritances and high salaries.

The true horror for liberals who believe the power of capitalism must be harnessed for the good of society, rather than vice versa, is that their own party has been completely co-opted by the money guys.

When the Republicans took over for eight truly horrible years of non-governance, they were only too happy to look the other way as it became increasingly clear to all with a strong stomach and a keen eye that there was deep, deep, dangerous rot in the pillars of the globalization boom so celebrated by cheerleaders like the *New York Times*' Thomas Friedman.

To make sure nobody with real clout authorized careful scrutiny of the pyramid schemes and predatory lending and all the rest of it, the sluices were fully opened. According to the watchdog group Public Citizen, Wall Street spent $5 billion in campaign contributions and lobbying over the past decade alone.

As we now know, of course, that five bill was chump change as an investment, seeing how the federal government has put up trillions in loans and toxic asset guarantees for these wheeler-dealers. Meanwhile, back in Real America, according to the Federal Reserve's June 2009 report, seven straight quarters of declining household wealth left us $14 trillion poorer.

But the true horror for liberals who believe the power of capitalism must be harnessed for the good of society, rather than vice versa, is that their own party has been completely co-opted by the money guys. All the Goldman Sachs and Citigroup suits who talked Clinton and Congress into deregulating derivatives are now advising Obama, leading his Treasury department and so on. It's as if Obama had hired Dick Cheney and Don Rumsfeld to run his Iraq policy.

Voters had thought Obama got it. To be sure, he can talk a great game. "Millions of Americans who have worked hard and behaved responsibly have seen their life dreams eroded by the irresponsibility of others and by the failure of their government to provide adequate oversight," he said. "Our entire economy has been undermined by that failure."

Yet as the ever-prescient Ralph Nader put it in a recent column, "One would think that his 88-page reform proposal to Congress would be up to his words. Instead he provides Washington aspirins for Wall Street brain cancer."

As former Labor Secretary Robert Reich writes, "The [Obama reform] plan doesn't stop bankers from making huge, risky bets with other people's money. … Nor does the plan do anything to prevent banks from becoming too big to fail. It doesn't hint at a return to the days before the late 1990s when commercial banks were separate entities from investment banks—before mammoth bank supermarkets like Citigroup came to be so tied up with so many other commercial and investment vehicles that they couldn't be allowed to go under. And there's not the slightest mention of antitrust law."

The reality is our government will protect us from the extremes of capitalism only if we demand it does. Those watching the store don't have our interests in mind, no matter how charming or well-spoken they may be.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America.*

"The defense of your father is very admirable, Liz Cheney. He's probably very proud to have at least one daughter he can say is a dick lover."

Lethal Chickens Coming Home to Roost

MANY AMERICANS KNEW ABOUT OFFICIAL TORTURE IN OUR NAME. WHY WERE WE SILENT?

As of now, it's highly unlikely that George W. Bush and Dick Cheney will be punished, at least in U.S. courts, for the war crimes they ordered under our laws and international treaties—except by history. But some of their accomplices are becoming apprehensive. A bipartisan Senate Intelligence Committee report has disclosed that former National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice had authorized waterboarding (known to its victims as "controlled drowning") of suspected terrorists in 2002. Yet she persistently defended Bush's "enhanced interrogations" techniques here and around the world.

Rice is back at Stanford University, a professor of political science, assuring students—as she echoes the unrepentant Bush and Cheney—that everything done to prisoners was legal. However, on May 4, 2009, a delegation of Stanford students, faculty and alumni dramatically nailed a petition to the door of the university's president, demanding that Professor Rice be held accountable and, if facts warrant, be prosecuted.

"Well before the nation reselected George W. Bush in 2004, the country's best investigative reporters had unearthed the salient aspects of Bush's torture policy."

It has already been revealed here in the States and globally that an extensive investigation by the Justice Department's ethics police—the Office of Professional Responsibility—had charged the three lawyers responsible for the infamous "torture memos"—John Yoo, Steven Bradbury and Jay Bybee—with such flagrantly unethical conduct that they be referred to bar associations for possible disciplinary action. "That means," reported Ari Shapiro on National Public Radio, "once-prominent government lawyers could be barred from ever working as attorneys again" and that Bybee (now a federal appellate judge on the Ninth Circuit) could be thrown off the bench.

Meanwhile, Spain—one of the nations whose justice system includes the "universal jurisdiction" to prosecute citizens of other countries for war crimes—has launched a criminal investigation of not only Yoo and Bybee, but also four other high-level Bush-Cheney operators, including former U.S. Attorney General Alberto Gonzales. The charges are that they "participated actively and decisively in the creation, approval and execution of a judicial framework that allowed for the deprivation of fundamental rights of a large number of prisoners, the implementation…of torture…[and] the protection of the people who participated in illegal tortures."

In charge of Spain's inquiry is the John Wayne of international prosecutors, Baltasar Garzon, who relentlessly pursued the monstrous Chilean torturer—and master of making suspects disappear—Augusto Pinochet, ultimately indicted under "universal jurisdiction" in Chile.

Some other countries, angered by the kidnapping of their citizens in CIA "renditions" to be tortured outside their borders, could possibly indict Bush, Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld. President Obama would not allow those defendants to be extradited, but labeled as international pariahs, they may then be afraid to ever travel abroad again.

But what about us, the great majority of American citizens who allowed eight years of systematic torture and other war crimes by a Presidential administration that substantively was never legally made accountable by our elected representatives in Congress?

I expect that for years to come, an increasing number of Americans—very much including students—will be confronted with the ever-increasing revelations raised by Jacob Weisberg, editor in chief of the Slate Group (**Slate.com**). In the May 11-18, 2009, *Newsweek* he examined "Our Tacit Approval of Torture." He pointed out that unlike a previous world disgrace—the internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II—"waterboarding was ordered and served up in secret."

Weisberg added, however, "By 2003, if you didn't understand that the United States was inflicting other tortures upon those deemed enemy combatants, you weren't paying much attention…. Well before the nation reselected George W. Bush in 2004, the country's best investigative reporters had unearthed the salient aspects of his [Bush's] torture policy."

In April 2004, Seymour Hersh broke the Abu Ghraib story (you could see the photos on *60 Minutes*). Shortly thereafter *Newsweek* revealed that "Cheney's lawyers had declared waterboarding a legal and acceptable practice."

Then in September 2006, John McCain and other lawmakers passed the Military Commissions Act, "which shielded U.S. interrogators from potential prosecution for torture." So Congress thought. But an independent investigation may bring about prosecutions that many CIA interrogators have long feared.

Don't worry. Those Americans who tacitly and complicitly approved our war crimes—by not raising hell with Bush, Cheney and Congress—won't be indicted as coconspirators, But, as Jacob Weisberg suggested, "What we need now is a public airing through Congressional hearing and perhaps an independent commission," an idea President Obama firmly resists.

Most Republicans in Congress are angrily opposed to making their former President and his team accountable. Most of their Democratic counterparts agree with Obama that he not be "distracted" from his urgent domestic and international challenges.

So it is up to We the People! How many of the tacit Americans, who by their inaction scandalized this nation even among our allies, are willing to demand, in the streets if necessary, that no future administration will be confident it can get away with the atrocities now thoroughly chronicled in official documents and such searing books as Jane Mayer's *The Dark Side*? Again, this time it's clearly up to you!

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

Eddie's
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The Thieves at the Door

ARE YOU SICK? OR JUST SICK OF GETTING SCREWED?

I have been suffering from irritable bowel syndrome for years. While not a serious problem, it's annoying to me and—due to the flatulence it produces—those around me. This is what you get for becoming older. It's probably where the term "old fart" comes from.

My doctor prescribed Elavil, an old-line tranquilizer that, in small doses, can help with IBS. But it made me drowsy. If taken before bedtime, you sleep like a baby, but when you wake up the next day, you lack energy. That's why I stopped taking it. Predictably, the IBS came back.

Recently I asked my doctor if there had been any new advances in the three years since he'd originally prescribed Elavil. He mentioned something called Xifaxan—an experimental therapy that showed promise. In small doses it stops diarrhea. In large doses—two tablets three times a day for ten days—it seems to stop IBS. I jumped at the chance for a prescription.

When I got to my pharmacy, I was told my medical plan would cover only $4 of the total bill, which came to—grab tightly onto whatever you're holding—$316! Was this some kind of scam between the insurance company and the drug maker? My physical relief was being held for ransom!

I had to have Xifaxan and the promise that it held for me. However, standing between me and blessed relief was the drug dealer on the corner called a pharmacist. Treating IBS has become the geriatric equivalent to scoring smack. Pharmacists are America's new drug dealers.

When I was younger, I never got sick. Sure, I did drugs and plenty of them, but that's not the kind of drugs we're talking about. Still, I have to say, the dealers I knew in those days were infinitely more honest than these thieves.

Don't give me any crap about how much it costs to develop this stuff. That's like a doctor telling you how much it cost him to go to medical school. He broke even a long time ago, and so did drug makers. Now they're cashing in. Besides, most drug research is sponsored by the government. Big Pharma actually gets our tax money to develop a product that they then charge us up the ass for—literally, in my case.

My girlfriend had a similar problem. She needed Nexium, an acid reflux medicine to counteract a bone medicine she was taking that had a corrosive effect on the stomach. Since her plan wouldn't cover it, she was advised to take over-the-counter Prilosec. But that drug wasn't effective in treating the problem. Who knows more about what is good for a patient—a doctor or some pencil pusher at an insurance company? Clearly, it's time to reform healthcare.

But wait a minute! There's a hitch. The insurance companies have a lot of money to fight universal healthcare. You know where they got it? From you and me and those damn fucking monthly premiums.

We all make a bet. We bet that we're going to get sick, and they bet we won't. The problem is when they lose, they often find a way to disqualify you. On the street they'd get their legs broken, or worse, but in this bizarro world we're the ones who suffer!

Our newly minted President claims he wants to change the medical system. He says he wants to make insurance "affordable" for everyone, but the words *affordable* and *single payer* don't belong in the same sentence. It's all or nothing. You either have universal healthcare or you don't. There can be no compromise on this.

When are we going to realize it is our duty as human beings to make sure no one dies by the side of the road. When I hear about people dying of cancer because they couldn't afford the medicine they needed or because their free clinic had closed due to lack of funding, it makes me want to scream. How can we do this to each other?

If we don't get universal healthcare now, then when? Every day we fail to address this problem, more Americans die of systematic neglect. The day must come when the crooks running the pharmaceutical and healthcare industries are no longer able to profit at the expense of the sick and dying.

It's time to rebel. Let's run the bastards out of town.

Meanwhile, excuse me. It's time for me to take two of my $5.20 pills. Gee, they're so small.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

My Brother Mark

FRATERNAL LOVE IN EVERY FORM—INCLUDING PRETENDING TO BE ASLEEP WHILE YOUR BRO' BOFFS A CHORUS GIRL!

Mark Muller is the red-blooded type of American male we don't see anymore. I blame the estrogen in the public water supply. My brother ain't some big-talking, no-action sissy-boy. He's the guy every male wants to be. Being a man used to mean something completely different.

"A man's bond is his word, son," my father would preach to us. We Muller brothers—Mark, John and I—paid attention to him. We could mess up, no problem…but if we lied? Dad's belt would do vicious laps across our backsides. We don't lie, but that doesn't mean our storytelling abilities are held back by the truth. A handshake is as good as gold with us. We will not sell out a brother or a friend or a business partner. We underpromise and overdeliver. We have found that this simple behavior has become extremely valuable in a world now populated with liars.

Mark and I hunted for venison to feed my father while he lay dying. Cancer patients are told deer meat is healthy for them. I found great irony in having to score Dad a bag of weed when he was ill. "Smoke the marijuana, son, and next time you'll do the cocaine. Barry Goldwater's daughter thought she could fly and jumped off a building after smoking the grass!" He would lecture us Willy Lohman-style. Okay, we knew he had it all wrong, but we loved him anyway.

Brothers always have each other. After a copperhead snake bit my ankle in Raytown, Missouri, when I was ten, it was Mark who cut the bite with his buck knife, sucked the venom out and tied off my leg, saving my life. In Arizona eight years ago, when our hot air balloon crashed, Mark broke his own arm shielding me from the rocky cliff we'd slammed into—saving my life again.

Growing up in the heartland city of Kansas City, Mark frequently modeled for Hallmark's greeting cards. This brought him wads of cash and all the women that go with being good-looking and rich at 18. Mark is eight years older than me. My parents made a huge mistake when they put us together when we were younger. You see, our family showed championship Tennessee Walking Horses, so we traveled a lot. Mark and I often shared motel rooms. Good idea? No—horrible!

There was the cast member just out of her Minnie Mouse costume at Disney World who I saw deflowered in Florida, the Atlanta Waffle House waitress 20 years Mark's senior and that cute television weathergirl in St. Louis. Watching your brother piledrive a woman and hearing him say his little brother right beside them was asleep—that was just creepy. Didn't these women think I had to be dead or drugged to be able to stay asleep through their passionate screams of ecstasy?

Somehow, in 1976, at the Las Vegas Hilton, my dad talked his way backstage, where our family got to hang with the greatest entertainer the world has known: Elvis. It was America's bicentennial, and the green room was transformed with red, white and blue. My dad was a kitchen cabinet salesman by trade, but he turned into talent agent Broadway Danny Rose when promoting my mediocre impersonations of Kermit the Frog, Nixon and Carol Channing to Mr. Presley. I was seven, and our sweating host rolled with laughter at my inane routine.

Elvis enjoyed my family. We amused him. We were straitlaced, Bible-loving Midwesterners. He showed us his pearl-handled pistol and did "ghetto handshakes" with my big brothers. While my mom and dad talked to the stage manager, Mark and John revealed to the King how obsessed they were with Las Vegas chorus girls.

Later, at 2:15 in the morning, four chorus girls arrived at our hotel room—a gift from the King. The quartet took turns with my big brothers while I "slept." Elvis's gift of those girls to Mark and John gave me a story that is first on my list to tell at every cocktail party. Less than a year later I cried when I found out that nice man named Elvis had died.

Maybe it was that childhood meeting with Elvis that so affected my brother Mark—or maybe it was his death—that encourages him to live so fearlessly and over-the-top. There's his car-racing team, Thundercock Racing; his trips into the wilderness; and his speedboat, which may one day spell the end for him. But Mark will not go out with a whimper; he's going down guns-a-blazing with a cigar clenched between his teeth!

Broadcast in more than two dozen markets on the Free Speech Radio Network, Chicago-based talk jock Mancow Muller describes himself as a conservative, Bible-thumping libertarian who curses.

"Kim Kardashian, we have word that you're smuggling illegals in your ass!"

Mature Material

HUSTLER really outdid itself with the 35th Anniversary issue! Thanks for featuring Alexis Texas; she's easy on the eyes and boasts the best butt in the biz. Thanks number two for launching the classic spreads series. If "Me Jane" from 1975 was that hot back then, imagine what she looks like now. I hope she comes back for a cougar encore!

Speaking of hot prowlers: Mamie Van Doren is a true cougar, not like the thirtysomethings those other mags try to pass off as cougars.

Here's to 35 more years!

—Seth Drzewicki
Essexville, Michigan

Crash Diet

After reading your articles about what's wrong with our food, I threw out everything in my fridge and went back to eating only pussy!

Just like we can't rely on our government to help us in times of economic distress or natural disaster, we can't rely on corrupt government agencies like the Food and Drug Administration to guard us from the monsters of Frankenfood.

Greedy corporate food producers say genetic engineering is needed to make enough food for everyone. Bullshit! People are starving not because of lack of food on the planet but because of unfair distribution.

The bitter irony is nature's bounty was perfect. You can't improve on perfection. Haven't those mad corporate scientists ever seen late-night horror films? They carry a valuable message: Mankind always gets its comeuppance whenever it "meddles in things better left alone."

—Frank N.
Brewer, Maine

Barby Hunt

Currently an inmate of the Maryland prison system, I recently traded my Wednesday-night chicken dinner for a copy of the September 2007 HUSTLER. (Man cannot live on food alone!)

I was happy to find it featured the world's most beautiful woman: Lanny Barby. I've been down a little over six years and have seen my fair share of porn stars in men's mags. Lanny has them beat hands down. Where is she now? **—Ray Curtin**
Cumberland, Maryland

According to reports, Lanny Barby left the porn biz and returned to Canada. We're hoping it's only a temporary leave of absence. Hot tip: One of her last XXX flicks, Vivid Entertainment's *Stood Up*, features a scene with Lanny and her real-life sister, Kimberly Franklin.

Feedback Feud

Congratulations on 35 years of giving readers a first-rate magazine!

I've always found that conservative wackos love to throw around terms that can be better used to describe them. Such is the case with July '09 letter writer Steve Smith from Nebraska.

He calls Larry Flynt an idiot for proclaiming his political views, but it's obvious Smith's the idiot. He calls Helen Caldicott a nutcase for wanting to save the planet. Guess who's the real nutcase, Steve!

Part of the reason I remain a loyal HUSTLER reader and subscriber since the '70s is because of the hard-hitting and honest political commentary. Everybody knows—or should know—that *Newsweek* and *Time* will never touch the topics that HUSTLER does. It seems to me Mr. Smith prefers censorship.

If you don't like HUSTLER'S politics, go read those other magazines that are scared to rock the boat. I guarantee you'll die from boredom. HUSTLER is still the best!

—Dennis Comstock
Muskegon, Michigan

Zeina Heart's fetching August '09 shout-out to budding porn stars was heard loud and clear by HUSTLER readers.

Heart to Heart

Thank you for the $50 gas giveaway check! I love your magazine for its contests, hilarious cartoons and, of course, the fine-ass women.

Speaking of which, Zeina Heart in your August '09 issue was the definition of "hot & sexy." As a chick who appreciates the fine things in life, I would love to eat that pretty pussy of hers.

Zeina mentioned that she wanted to help newcomers to the porn industry. Hey, Zeina, I'll be looking for your assistance when I make it to Porn Valley. Maybe you and I can be costars in a HUSTLER movie. That would be so fucking cool.

—Jasmine Blue
Atlanta, Georgia

Bayou Bow Out

Louisiana Governor Bobby Jindal sure had your slam coming to him [*Asshole of the Month*, August '09]. Maybe he read it, because he now agrees he's political crap.

Jindal told his political action committee to stop gearing up for a 2012 Presidential run, saying he should stay where he is. America couldn't agree more, Asshole! **—J.K.**
Pendleton, Oregon

Triple Shot

Comment: If July '09 Beaver Bambi from Norman, Oklahoma, happens to want her pussy licked relentlessly, I'm her man!

Suggestion: The feminazi cunt who recently called the law on a couple having fun at [Florida's] Deer Lake State Park should buy a ten-inch, two-and-a-half horsepower dildo. I'll do the insertion!

Complaint: It's really too bad that Rush Limbaugh hasn't overdosed yet or at least asked Dennis Miller to marry him. **—Keith Spell**
Altha, Florida

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

The Meaning of Neda

IRANIANS PUBLICLY EXPRESSED OUTRAGE OVER A RIGGED ELECTION, BUT AMERICANS REMAINED SILENT AS NEOCON DESPOTS STOLE TWO ELECTIONS HERE.

We're at a long, lavishly set table under the chandeliers in the Beverly Hills Hotel's Crystal Room. The picture of us at that table, which exists only in my memory now, shows 30 or so people dining, sipping wine and chatting—while focused on the elegantly uniformed figure at the head of the table: Mohammad Reza Shah Pahlavi, the Shah of Iran.

It is 1954, and the newly installed Shah is visiting Hollywood, trolling for a new concubine or two. He has asked to meet Myrna Hansen—a former Miss USA—and me. Universal Studios has kindly obliged him by ordering us to attend this party. Those were the days when the mighty studios could command their stars to attend sales meetings, parties and premieres as part of their "duties."

Sitting a few places down the table from the Shah, I didn't know that Iran's democratically elected prime minister, Mohammad Mossadegh, had been deposed the year before by the CIA because he had dared to nationalize the Iranian oil industry. The Shah, brought out of exile in Italy, was put back on the throne his father once occupied. Blessed by the Brits and Americans, he dutifully protected our oil interests while brutally repressing the Iranian people.

The Shah looks my way and smiles. I force a smile in return and look away, hiding my displeasure at being recruited as a "date" for some visiting monarch. I have, at age 21, a healthy sex drive that I enjoy taking for a spin at every opportunity. But I am not concubine material. Besides, I have a hot date waiting for me at a jazz club in downtown L.A. I am pissed.

The recent fatal shooting of a young Iranian woman known as Neda stirred powerful emotions around the world, mine included. Like millions of others, I wept over the cell phone video of her death. It seemed something both tragic and transcendent had just occurred before our eyes.

As protests grew over the irregularities of Iran's presidential election, it brought to mind America's protests over civil rights and the Vietnam War. The pictures of Neda dying in the street were instantly as iconic as the Vietnam-era photos of the Kent State shooting or the naked and burned Vietnamese girl running away from a napalm attack. Neda also brought back memories of the crowds in the streets of Tehran 30 years ago, when the Shah—no longer cruising for movie stars—was ousted and sent to America, then France, where he died of cancer. Moreover, it brought to mind our rigged elections of 2000 and 2004.

There was no shortage of video footage from the Iranian protests as Ayatollah Ali Khamenei and disputed President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad tried to keep a lid on the situation. The people in the streets were searching for justice.

How different here. How easily led Americans are.

In the year 2000 a coup d'etat overthrew what was left of our democracy. An evil puppet became the unelected President of the United States in an unprecedented decision by the Supreme Court. The puppeteer operating George Bush was a nearly bionic creation of modern pacemaker technology: neoconservative Dick Cheney. This venal administration, using 9/11 as an excuse, led us into two unjust and illegal wars, legitimized torture and wiretapping and negated basic human rights dating back 800 years to the Magna Carta.

Americans just said, "Oh, well."

Outside of a few fringe groups loosely formed around the Pacifica Radio Network, no one took to the streets in force. No one fought the oncoming dark powers. Al Gore, clearly outclassed and befuddled by the evil of the Bush family and their connections in the High Court, threw in the towel, leaving America to its fate. At the very moment when revolution was required, when history cried out for someone to fight for what was right, Americans went back to tending their 401(k)s and fantasizing over *The West Wing*.

Where might we be today if we had done otherwise? A really angry mob may not overthrow an evil monarch, but it will certainly make him think twice. If a bully knows he has a real fight on his hands, he may back down. If the fascist clowns of the past administration had thought that America might erupt in a storm of angry protests—really paralyzing protests—they might have backed away from some of their more evil repressions.

The shooting of 26-year-old Neda Agha-Soltan by an anonymous sniper was the one thing the Iranian power structure did not need: a beautiful and innocent young woman as a martyr. It may not bring them down now, but the seed has been planted. America never had that sort of a martyr for the cause of freedom against the Bush/Cheney police state. The martyrs we had were (and still are) coming home in boxes from Afghanistan and Iraq. If we had only seized the moment, where might we be today? And what if we seize it now?

Mamie Van Doren starred in such "bad girl" films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*. The zesty 76-year-old wrote the tell-all autobiography *Playing the Field* and continues to chronicle her amazing life at **MamieVanDoren.com**.

Carrie Prejean

If you could look inside Carrie Prejean's head, you'd probably find a black hole sucking out every intelligent thought she's ever had. That assumes the dethroned Miss California USA ever had an intelligent thought.

Prejean, an evangelical Christian, first came to the nation's attention during the 2009 Miss USA pageant, which is owned by Donald Trump. Asked by celebrity judge Perez Hilton for her views on gay marriage, Prejean torpedoed any chance she might have had of winning the competition by remarking, "We live in a land where you can choose same-sex marriage or opposite marriage. … I believe that marriage should be between a man and a woman…that's how I was raised."

What the fuck is this "opposite marriage" shit? Opposite marriage would be no marriage, wouldn't it? Calling straight marriage opposite marriage made her look like a confused, inarticulate ass, which, of course, she is.

Prejean explained her statement by claiming that Satan tempted her to give one answer, but that God instructed her to tell the truth. Chalk one up for the Almighty! But we guess Satan won the argument about Prejean improving on God's work by getting breast implants. "It's okay, Carrie," Satan must have whispered. "What does God know about bathing suit competitions anyway?"

Having to settle for first runnerup, Prejean once again demonstrated her inability to follow a simple logical thread by claiming that her beliefs about gay marriage had cost her the Miss USA crown. Clearly, however, a more compelling reason for her defeat—if indeed she was ever close to winning the title—was Prejean's clumsy, inarticulate and downright stupid way of presenting her views on a controversial subject.

No sane person expects the participants in a beauty pageant to be smart. For the most part, these women have been able to get by solely on their looks. They have no need to study or read, God forbid. They are, however, very adept at plucking their eyebrows and applying lip gloss. Can you say vacuous?

But let's take a closer look at the leggy blonde's position on gay marriage. Following the pageant, Miss Brain Dead 2009—no one can take *that* title from her—appeared in a television commercial produced by the National Organization for Marriage. It argued against granting gay couples the right to legally wed.

It's one thing to say you don't favor gay marriage and quite another to actively work against it. The Jessica Simpson lookalike was now making public appearances and lobbying for issues outside—and often in conflict with—her contractual obligations as Miss California USA.

It was, however, seminude pics of Prejean on the Internet that first got her into hot water. The clueless Bible thumper responded to the hullabaloo by stating that she was "naive" and "young" when the photography was done and that "photos taken of me as a teenager have been released surreptitiously. … I am not perfect, and I never claimed to be."

Scientists believe nothing can escape from a black hole but scattered random particles. In Prejean's case, what escaped were random lies. The photos, it turns out, had been taken the same year as the pageant. So the 21st century's Anita Bryant isn't even good at lying, something most attractive women excel at.

Even so, Prejean survived that firestorm. It was the rapidly imploding no-talent's apparent inability to show up for scheduled activities that proved her ultimate undoing. Personally, we at HUSTLER feel this was not a satisfactory reason for canning the beauty queen. Given her neutrino-size intellect, we suspect Prejean gets lost whenever she steps out of her front door. You have to expect certain problems when you hire the handicapped.

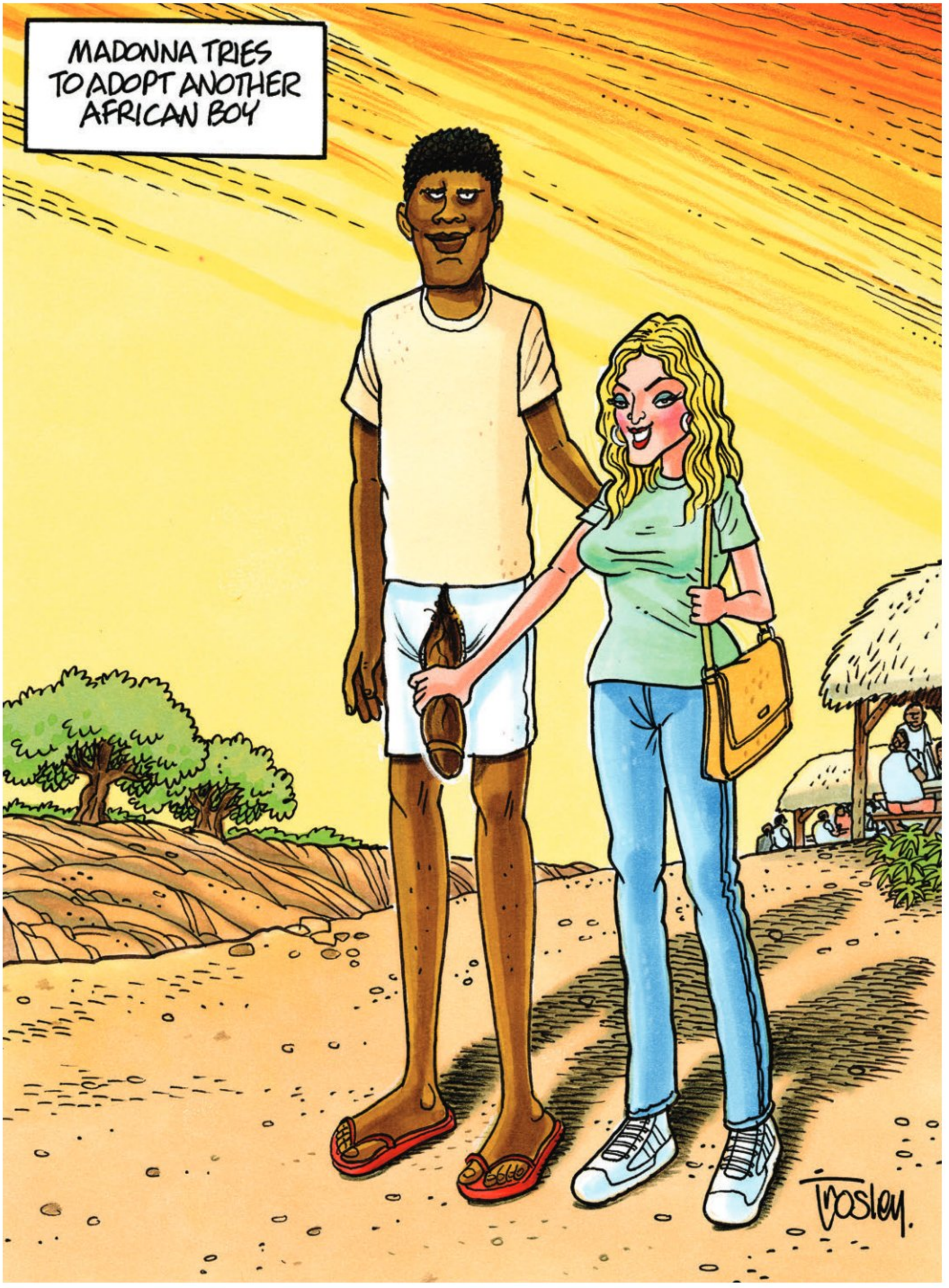
Had we the opportunity, we would ask the formerly flat-chested Prejean what exactly God has against gay marriage. Is it the oral sex? The anal sex? The obsessive need to color coordinate? We seem to recall that Jesus preached, "Love one another." We don't recall any subsequent amendments.

As regards black holes, some astrophysicists believe that matter sucked into one might pop up in an alternate universe. In fact, string theory postulates that we live in a multiverse where every possibility exists. If that's true, somewhere there's a universe in which Hitler was victorious. And another where Carrie Prejean is intelligent. Nah! Maybe scientists should reexamine string theory.

One good thing: Prejean's liberal arts degree in special education means that when this Asshole starts to teach, she might actually be able to keep up with her students.

FARTS IN THE WIND

As healthcare reform legislation works its way through Congress, the following lawmakers have appreciable financial interests in the healthcare and pharmaceutical industries: Senate Majority Leader Harry M. Reid (D-Nevada): invested to the tune of $50,000 in a major healthcare index; family of Representative Jane Harman (D-California): a $3.2-million stake in numerous healthcare entities; Senator John Kerry (D-Massachusetts) and wife: $5.2 million in pharmaceutical companies like Eli Lilly and Merck; Senator Judd Gregg (R-New Hampshire): possibly as much as $560,000 worth of stock in Bristol-Myers Squibb, etc.; Senator Johnny Isakson (R-Georgia): $165,000 in medical and drug stocks; Senator Kay Hagan (D-North Carolina): holdings in 20 healthcare companies for $180,000 or more; Senator Christopher Dodd (D-Connecticut): wife received more than $200,000 in stocks and salary as a board member of four healthcare firms; and Senator Michael Crapo (R-Idaho): owner of healthcare stocks worth $16,879. Do you really expect these gas bags to be impartial when considering alternatives to the current system that could affect their bottom line?

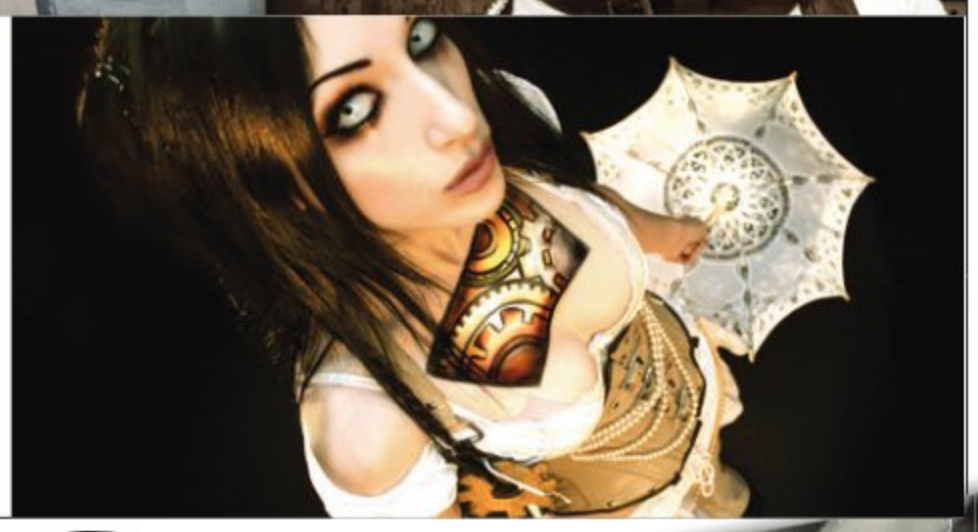

MADONNA TRIES TO ADOPT ANOTHER AFRICAN BOY
TOMSLEY.

"Where there is no imagination, there is no horror." —SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, AUTHOR

PHOTOS COURTESY STEAMPPUNK.COM

HOT AND STEAMY!

Welcome to the world of steam punk, a fantasy subculture that blends 19th-century English clothing and technology with postapocalyptic and futuristic objects. Think *Blade Runner* meets H.G. Wells. If all that seems too high concept for you, then just focus on the babes wearing the gear. To see more, go to **SteamPunkCouture.com**.



EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

Does smokin'-hot Julia Ling from the NBC series *Chuck* really like our mag? You'd better believe she does.

PHOTO BY ANTHONY KENNEDY

PORN FROM THE PAST

Here's a shot of the most popular girl at HUSTLER's first Halloween party in 1974. Thanks to W.P. of Gulfport, Florida, for this timely photo.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

Check out HUSTLERMagazine.com

NEWSBITES

Fucking Disneyland

Unpack your bags, guys. Sadly, we're no longer taking that planned trip to China. It seems government officials there have bulldozed what would have been the communist country's first sex-themed amusement park. Love Land was going to feature oversized statues of naked genitalia and sex workshops. We are now left to only dream of what the Pussy Bumper Cars would have been like.

Corpse Coitus

We may not know art, but we know what we like. We don't like this. Remember Gunther von Hagens, that ghoulish German who rounded up dozens of human corpses for his "Body Worlds" art show? He's baaack! Von Hagens's latest controversial undertaking, "Cycle of Life," just opened in Berlin. This time he's got a pair of dead bodies fucking, proving that stiffs are creepy even if they're having sex.

Royal Romp

Speaking of sex, we know having it in the bedroom all the time can be boring. That's why couples sometimes decide to screw in exciting new locations, like on the kitchen table or in a store's dressing room or outside Windsor Castle. Yup, two brazen lovebirds were arrested for fucking on the Queen of England's front lawn, going at it for a good 20 minutes while tourists looked on. The passionate pair only stopped when they were pulled apart by armed guards. And they say the British are prudes.

Work of Fiction

It's said that if you are going to be a writer, then only write about what you know. Ignoring that rule, a frisky friar has just penned a book on sex. Those who have read the still-untitled work describe it as the Catholic *Kama Sutra*. Along the same lines, we are happy to announce that HUSTLER is hard at work on a book of children's stories. Yeah, right!

Sign of the Times

Wow! Peter service that lasted 64 years?! Most guys stop getting theirs serviced after being married a few years. Thanks to D.B. of Middletown, Ohio, for this entry.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

The Love Boat?

To some folks it's something to tie your boat to. For others it's something to fuck. Either way, this makes us a little seasick.

PAGING BETTIE PAGE

To celebrate the life of the legendary pinup model, the World of Wonder Gallery in Hollywood staged an exhibit titled "Bettie Page: Heaven Bound." Lots of Bettie's sexy friends and associates were on hand, including pinup Dita Von Teese and the still-stunning Mamie Van Doren. We're pleased to announce that Mamie is now one of HUSTLER's regular contributors.

"This Halloween the most popular mask is the Arnold Schwarzenegger mask. And the best part? With a mouthful of candy you will sound just like him." —CONAN O'BRIEN, TV HOST

"Charlie Brown is the one person I identify with. C.B. is such a loser. He wasn't even the star of his own Halloween special." —CHRIS ROCK, COMIC/ACTOR

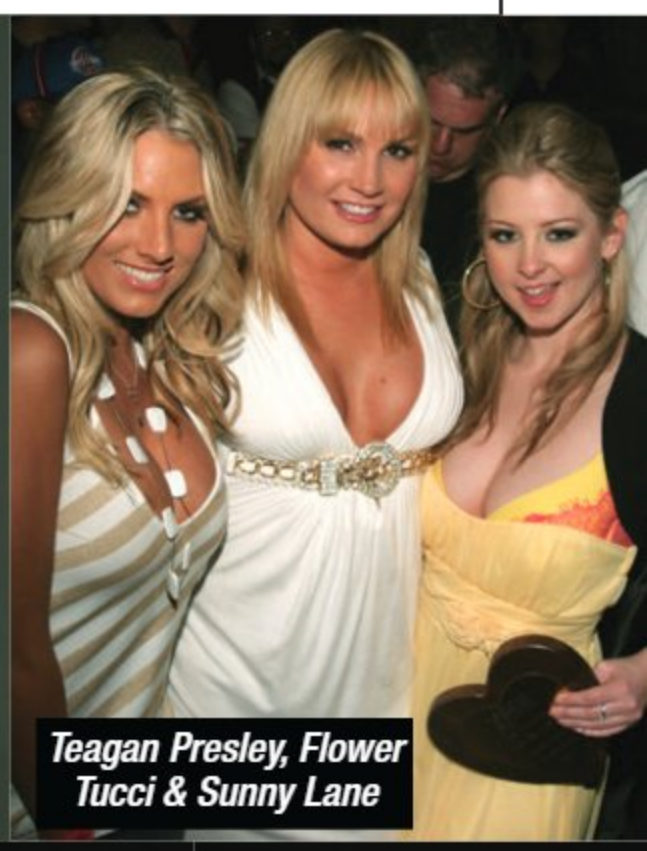
"MOST TASTELESS" CARTOON

"She's actually a lot of fun on a date, once you get past the smell."

HERE'S YOUR TREAT

COCKTAIL WAX
SPECIAL WAX
Cocktail Wax is an exciting new concept direct from Paris, with waxes that are rich with enticing flavors & exotic fragrances. We even have Chocolate Wax. After one visit to Cocktail Wax your skin will be drenched in moisture, hair free and left with a burst of flavor good enough to eat.
by Christine Armani
WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN

Everyone loves a nice piece of chocolate at Halloween. We prefer a nice piece of ass covered in chocolate. This sweet photo, which actually depicts a body wax treatment that originated in Paris, was provided by Cocktail Wax in Los Angeles. For a list of services, visit **CocktailWax.com**.



X MARKS THE SPOT

Since 1984 the X-Rated Critics Association—better known as XRCO—has been giving wood—*wooden*, heart-shaped plaques, that is. At the latest XRCO awards gala, a quarter-century of porn's biggest names were honored. Winners included Teagan Presley (Best Cumback), Jessica Drake (Single Performance), Bobbi Starr (Super Slut) and the always-hot Jenna Haze (Female Performer of the Year). For a true inside peek at what went on, don't miss our *Day in the Life With Jenna Haze*, coming next month.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Chat With

REAL GIRLS NOW

in your area

Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

HUSTLER PERSONALS

WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU

You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.

Come inside and get PERSONAL

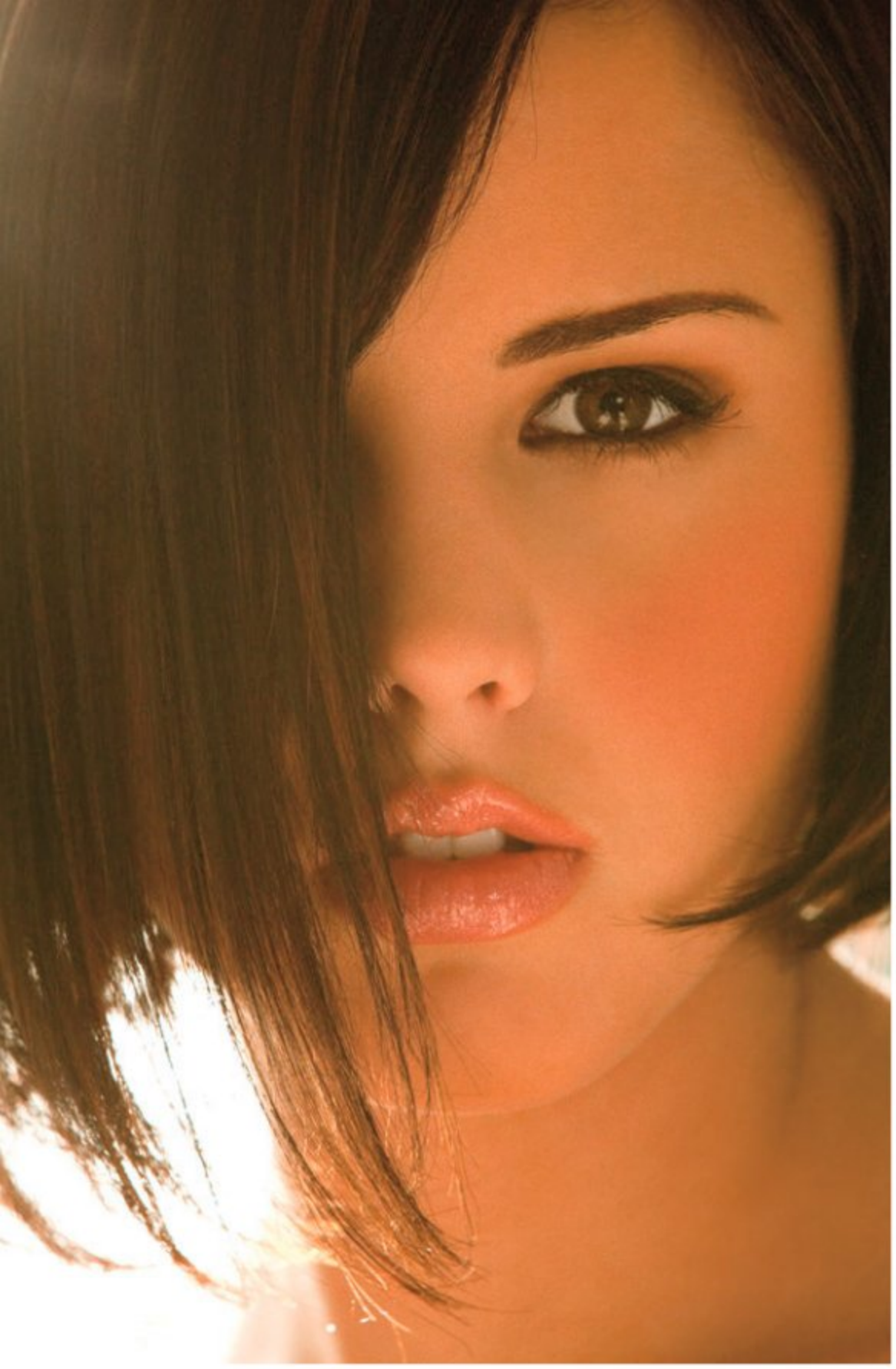
START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE

First Looks

BROOKE LEE ADAMS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE



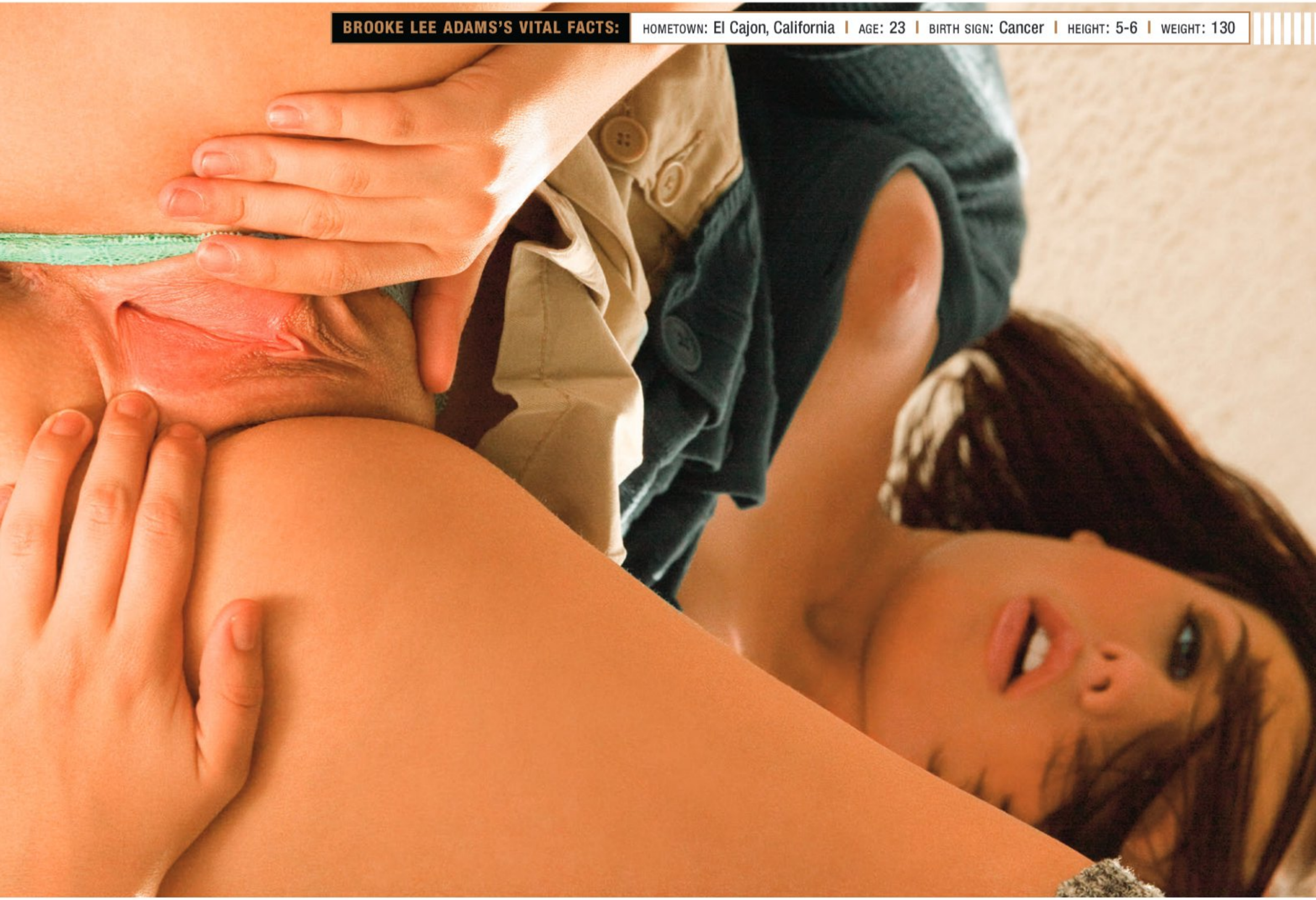
I love being naked, but I guess that's obvious," observes breathtaking **Brooke Lee Adams**. "After all, here I am showing it all off in HUSTLER and in my porn career. I figured I should do this sort of stuff while I'm still young and attractive. Although I'm not sure if I'm an adult actress or porn star. I've done 50 to 60 scenes so far and got some great exposure, so I guess that makes me a porn star."

Brooke continues, "I'm not your typical porn girl. I'm smart and politically savvy. I worked on the Obama campaign in San Diego. That experience proved to me that we can change the world if we want to. I got into porn because, hey, in these tough economic times what's a pretty girl to do? I was working behind the camera for an adult entertainment company when I decided to step in front of the lens. That was the best decision I've ever made."

What stokes **Brooke** isn't typical either. "Honesty turns me on probably more than anything else," she reveals. "I'm big on guys with lots of character. I hate when a guy is a liar. Be truthful with me, and you'll get it all. Also, I'm a sucker for tall guys. My latest boyfriend was 6-5—a real man's man. I need someone who can protect me."

But that's not all **Brooke Lee Adams** craves. "It's nice to climb a man during sex," the looker exults. "The perfect penis size is about eight inches. That hits all the golden spots. My favorite position is missionary because you get the clitoral stimulation *and* the penetration. It's the perfect combo."

BROOKE LEE ADAMS'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: El Cajon, California | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 130



Working Stiff: Sex in the Office

Three-fifteen. The phone rings. "Five minutes. Storage room. Mezzanine."

I glance at my coworkers. Old Albert's playing Tetris again. The rest appear to be slaving away in their cubicles, ticking off the minutes until five o'clock. I stand up and yawn, tell no one in particular I'm headed for coffee and make a mad dash for the elevator.

I figure I have 20 minutes max before I'm missed and someone wonders where the fuck I am. It takes two minutes for the elevator to come. I spend the time thinking about Julia's naked body, her puffy areolas, pert, handful butt cheeks, clutching pussy. By the time I hear the elevator ding, I'm already half-hard in my trousers.

The floor numbers blink 5, 4, 3, 2—mezzanine. I open the door to the storage room, and Julia's already there, stripping off her clothes. She has taken to wearing dresses to work rather than the pantsuits she used to favor, and can strip naked in less than a minute. I glance at my watch. We have approximately 15 minutes left to fuck.

Thirty seconds are spent in reverie, staring at her perfect curves as Julia reveals them and wondering how I ever got to be such a lucky dog. Then she snaps, "Hurry up, dammit!" My hand moves to my zipper, but not fast enough for my lover.

Impatiently the blonde shoves my slacks and briefs to my knees. She quickly licks the palm of her right hand until it's shiny slick with spit, then wraps her tiny fist around my pecker. She jacks me expertly, efficiently, from base to tip, squeezing, releasing. God, that feels good! There's no denying who's in charge here. With my pants still around my knees, Julia shuffles me back onto some boxes and practically pounces on top of me.

Urgently she guides my thick, hard cock into her tight box. We're in a hurry—13 minutes and counting. Still, she doesn't allow me to simply sink in deep and take her. I work for every inch of penetration as Julia works her clutching cunt muscles around my shooter. The woman's in total control.

Finally I'm balls deep in pussy, and her fat labes are pressing against my pubes. I look up to see her areolas constrict. I reach up to twist a long, coral-pink nipple, and as I do, I glance at my watch. Ten minutes left. Julia's eyes close as her body starts moving. The lithe beauty rides my pole, and it feels sublime. Reaching back, she lifts my heavy nuts and presses them into her ass crack with every downward plunge. Pussy juice starts to trickle, then stream over my thighs and onto the cardboard boxes beneath us.

Outside of this little storage room, my lover totally ignores me. Other than phone calls to hook up, she's probably said all of ten words to me in my three years with the company. We work in different worlds—she an executive; I a lowly administrative peon. But inside this room I can make her whimper, make her cry out in ecstasy.

Julia's back arches as her orgasm consumes her. I see her body glisten with sweat, and I stretch my neck so I can lick the drops from her belly. Delicious. As I move closer and closer to climax, I completely lose track of time. Now nothing exists but her talented twat muscles massaging my fuckstick and the way her butt crevice traps my nut sac. Her ass literally pinches my balls for just a second with each and every downstroke. Incredible!

Already Julia's coming again, with a high-pitched squeal, and this time I climax with her. My orgasm surges through my body like a bolt of electricity. It's powerfully intense. I feel like I'm blasting for a full minute—which definitely leaves us out of time. I check my watch. Five minutes over. Damn! But Julia won't let me go quite yet. Her nails gouge into my chest as her box squeezes my deflating cock till she comes one last time. Her body's still trembling as she climbs off of me.

We rush to pull our clothes back on. Then she's out the door and headed for the elevator. I wait about 45 seconds, for discretion's sake, and follow.

Back at my cubicle I see that Albert's on the verge of a new personal Tetris best. I settle in at my desk and realize that no one has even noticed I was missing. Not a bad Monday.

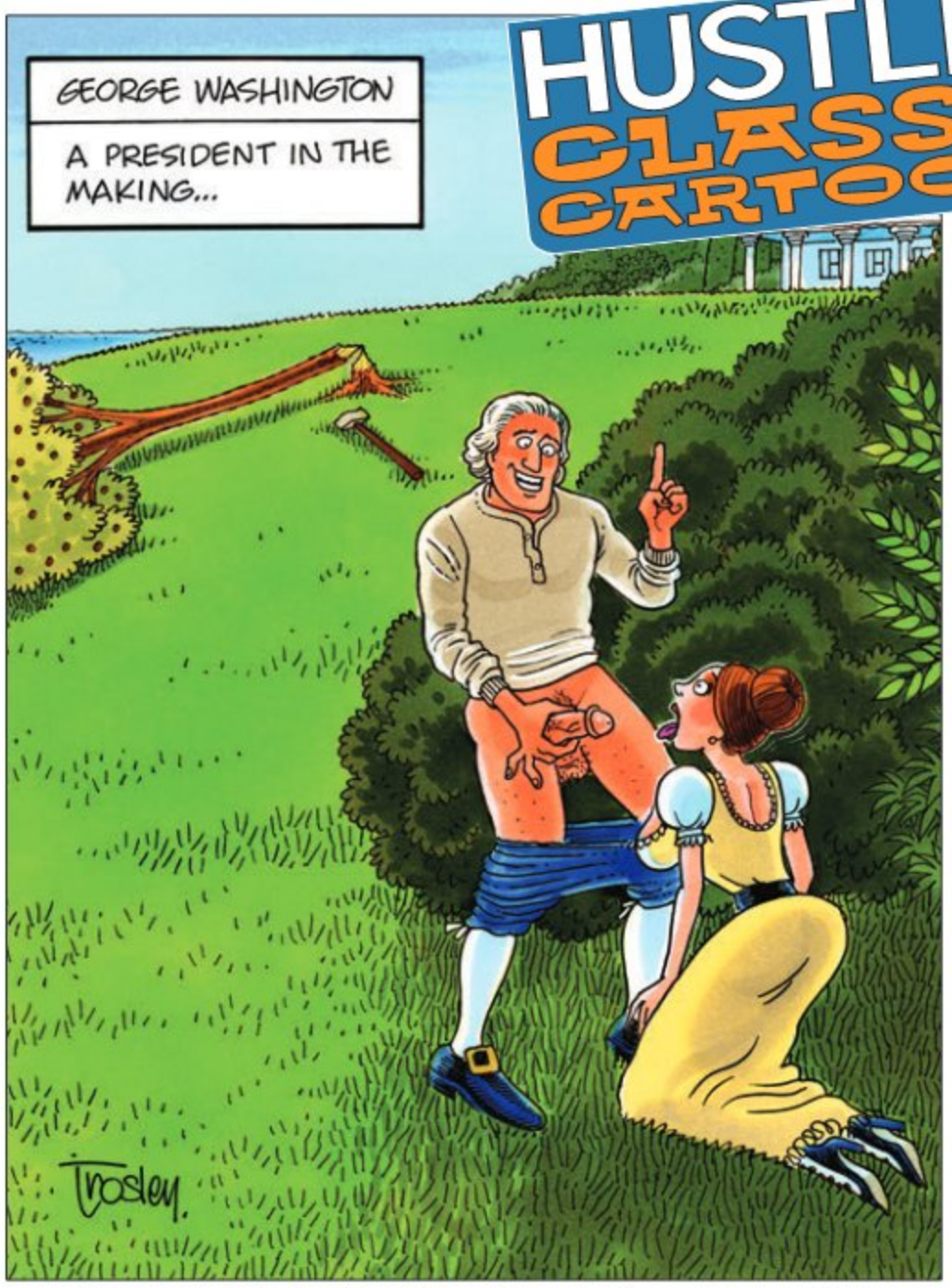
—E.W.
Louisville, Kentucky

"I come home from working late with a little semen on my outfit, and right away you get all accusatory!"

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"So, baby, how'd you like to be buttfucked on the actual flag that was at Ground Zero?"

"If Fox News is so 'fair and balanced,' why do they have to tell you so fucking often?!"



"I cannot tell a lie...I won't come in your mouth."

"The teenage son is in the bathroom jerking off. What do you say we go scare the shit out of him?"

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WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW

PAU
RO

A RESPECTED SCHOLAR ARGUES THAT AMERICA CAN NO LONGER BUY ITS WAY OUT OF THE ECONOMIC CRISIS WITH BAILOUTS.

As an assistant secretary of the Treasury in the Reagan Administration, Paul Craig Roberts had a front-row seat to observe Wall Street greed and Federal Reserve mistakes imperil the economy. Long before George W. Bush left office, Roberts decried the Iraq War, the neocon hijacking of legitimate conservatism and the looting of America's wealth.

HUSTLER: What happened to our economy?

PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS: Most people don't realize that the current economic crisis has several dimensions. It's not just the result of bad mortgages. It's also the result of a bad interest-rate policy, deregulation of the banks and a ballooning trade deficit that could end up destroying the value of the dollar.

The government's explanation is that the big banks and insurance giants like AIG were threatened when the housing bubble burst. Interest payments from risky mortgages stopped flowing in, sucking the value out of the whole system of derivatives and credit swaps that the banks use to make money off of mortgages. Bank assets took a huge hit. AIG, which had backed risky investments without making sure it had enough reserves to cover them, couldn't make good on its obligations.

There are two key aspects of the banking crisis that the government doesn't like to talk about. One is former Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan's low-interest-rate policy. Greenspan made borrowing money cheap to boost construction and real estate jobs in an attempt to mask job losses in other sectors, such as manufacturing and high-tech. As American corporations moved production for the American market to China and elsewhere, Greenspan hid the job loss by creating a real estate bubble. This enabled CEOs and shareholders to reap large gains by laying off American workers and replacing them with lower-paid workers overseas. Executives got huge bonuses for this kind of downsizing.

L CRAIG BERTS

The second key aspect is the deregulation of the financial system. Over the past decade, rules and operating guidelines have been gradually loosened or scrapped altogether.

During the Great Depression the Roosevelt Administration moved to regulate the financial system and segregate commercial from investment banking. The Glass-Steagall Act, passed in 1933, placed limits on how many different functions a bank could engage in. In 1999, Glass-Steagall was repealed. With that vote, Congress started us on the road to disaster.

To make matters worse, Hank Paulson—CEO of Goldman Sachs and later President George W. Bush's Treasury secretary—convinced the Securities and Exchange Commission to scrap rules for investment banks, meaning the SEC couldn't regulate how these huge holders of equity handled their cash. Banks and financial companies were given more freedom than ever, based on the ideology that free markets regulate themselves.

Because of deregulation, financial institutions could leverage debt to new heights, meaning they repackaged debt into products they could trade and use to generate capital. AIG, for example, had only $1 of real equity for every $33 of obligation. The moment the market turned, this leveraged debt became unsustainable. By overleveraging debt, the investment banks destroyed themselves. This is how Bear Stearns, Lehman Brothers and Merrill Lynch collapsed.

How does the U.S. trade deficit play into this?

The U.S. currently pays over $50 billion a month more on imports than it makes on exports. This is a massive trade deficit that cannot be closed, because American corporations have moved so much production for the American market to other countries.

When production for U.S. markets is moved offshore, a big chunk of U.S. gross domestic product (GDP)—meaning the total value of goods and services produced—is transferred to some other country along with the American jobs. That causes a plunge in personal and national income. There is less tax revenue for cities, states and the federal government. CEOs and shareholders benefit by cutting labor costs, but everyone else suffers.

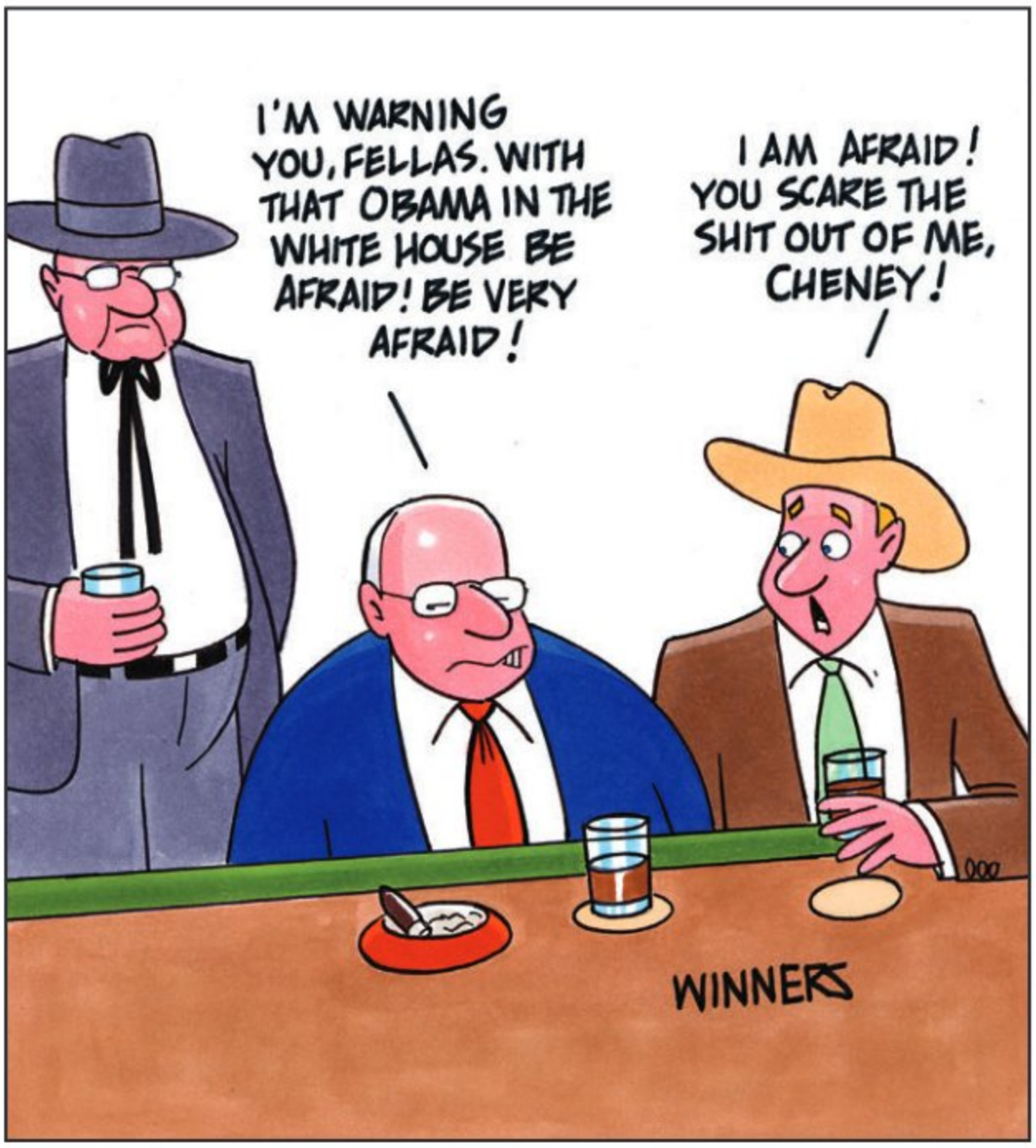
The trade deficit also endangers the U.S. dollar's role as world reserve currency, which is the currency countries use for international transactions. The benefit of being the reserve currency country means that you can pay your international bills in your own currency. If the U.S. doesn't have enough money from exports to pay for imports, it can just print more money.

Today the combination of large trade deficits and massive government budget deficits makes the dollar unattractive. The world is awash in dollars, and other countries are not happy to acquire the several trillion dollars more in ever-riskier U.S. Treasury bonds that are necessary to finance our annual multitrillion-dollar budget deficits.

Treasury bonds are basically government IOUs. China is America's largest creditor country, since it holds more U.S. debt in the form of U.S. Treasury bonds than any other nation. Recently, both the premier of China and the head of China's central bank expressed concerns about China's investment in dollar assets. When your banker begins to look at you suspiciously, your troubles are beginning.

What would happen if China and the rest of the world dumped the dollar?

If the U.S. dollar loses the reserve currency role, the current crisis will be magnified many times over. The U.S. will not be able to pay for its imports, and the rest of the world will be faced with the failure of the international payments system. The dollar collapse would affect the whole world's ability to shore up local economies, including World Bank loans and measures used by the International Monetary Fund. It


I'M WARNING YOU, FELLAS. WITH THAT OBAMA IN THE WHITE HOUSE BE AFRAID! BE VERY AFRAID!
I AM AFRAID! YOU SCARE THE SHIT OUT OF ME, CHENEY!
WINNERS

"So, kid, you want to be a lobbyist? Do you think you know enough about schmoozing, bribery and pimping?"

would also devastate America's ability to influence foreign governments.

It has become impossible to finance the multitrillion-dollar U.S. budget deficits resulting from bailouts, stimulus packages and unaffordable wars. Americans have lost wealth from real estate and stock market declines. Many are losing their jobs, and most are deep in debt with mortgages, credit cards and car payments. Americans cannot provide the trillions of dollars needed to make Treasury bond auctions successful in the U.S. market.

In the past, America's trade partners have financed our government's budget by buying our debt, thanks to their trade surpluses with the U.S.—meaning that they sold us more than we sold them, so they could afford to invest in our debt, packaged as Treasury bonds. But now the budget deficits are much larger than can be balanced out by the trade surpluses of America's creditors. Even if our creditors were still willing, they simply cannot absorb the supply of bonds necessary to finance the U.S. budget deficit.

Is there any way to pay this off?

There are only two ways of financing U.S. budget deficits. One is if investors flee from further stock market declines into supposedly safe Treasury bonds, pushing up their value. That would forestall a budget catastrophe, but the desertion of equities for Treasurys could cause a costly wave of corporate bankruptcies.

The other way is for the Federal Reserve to purchase the Treasury bonds that cannot be sold at the quarterly auctions. This is called monetizing the debt or printing money. The Federal Reserve purchases the Treasury bonds from the U.S. Treasury. The money supply—meaning the amount of cash in circulation—grows by the amount of the Federal Reserve's bond purchase.

Currently the U.S. money supply is about $1.4 trillion. If the 2009 and 2010 budget deficits are monetized, the money supply will have tripled in two years. Inflation—perhaps hyperinflation—would break out, and foreigners would dump their dollar holdings and the dollar as reserve currency. The greatest economic crisis in American history would occur.

What should the government be doing to prevent that from happening?

The most important task is not to bail out the banks or to restore bank lending. It is to save the dollar as reserve currency. This requires large reductions in U.S. budget and trade deficits.

We have to stop importing more than we export. To do that, we have to adopt measures that will make it financially sensible for companies to act in America's interest.

The trade deficit could be reduced over time by changing the corporate tax system and taxing corporations according to whether the economic benefits from production—known as value added—occurs in the U.S. or abroad. A low tax rate could be imposed if value added occurs in the *(continued on page 44)*

The Art of • SANDRA CHANG

SandraChang.net

Xua
43-23-44
Sizzle magazine,
cover Issue #13

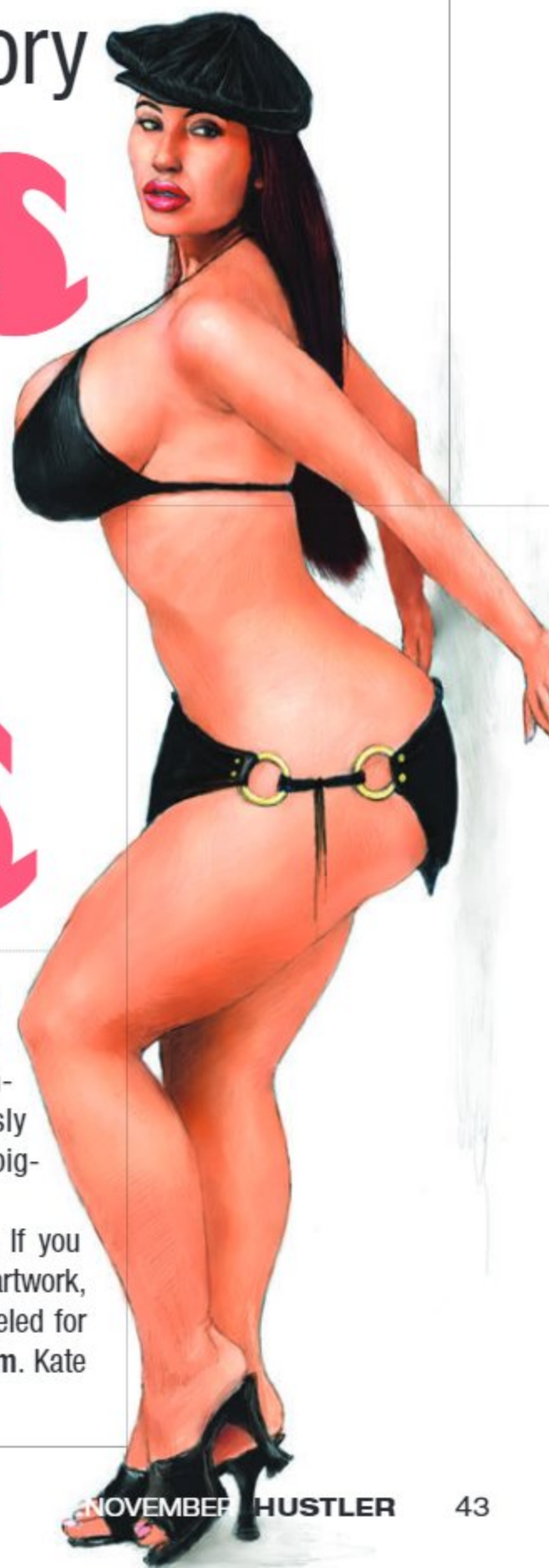
Afenia
50-24-60

Karima
65-29-62

Martina
60-26-64

Phil Henderson's Outlandish Repertory

Bodacious Booty Babes

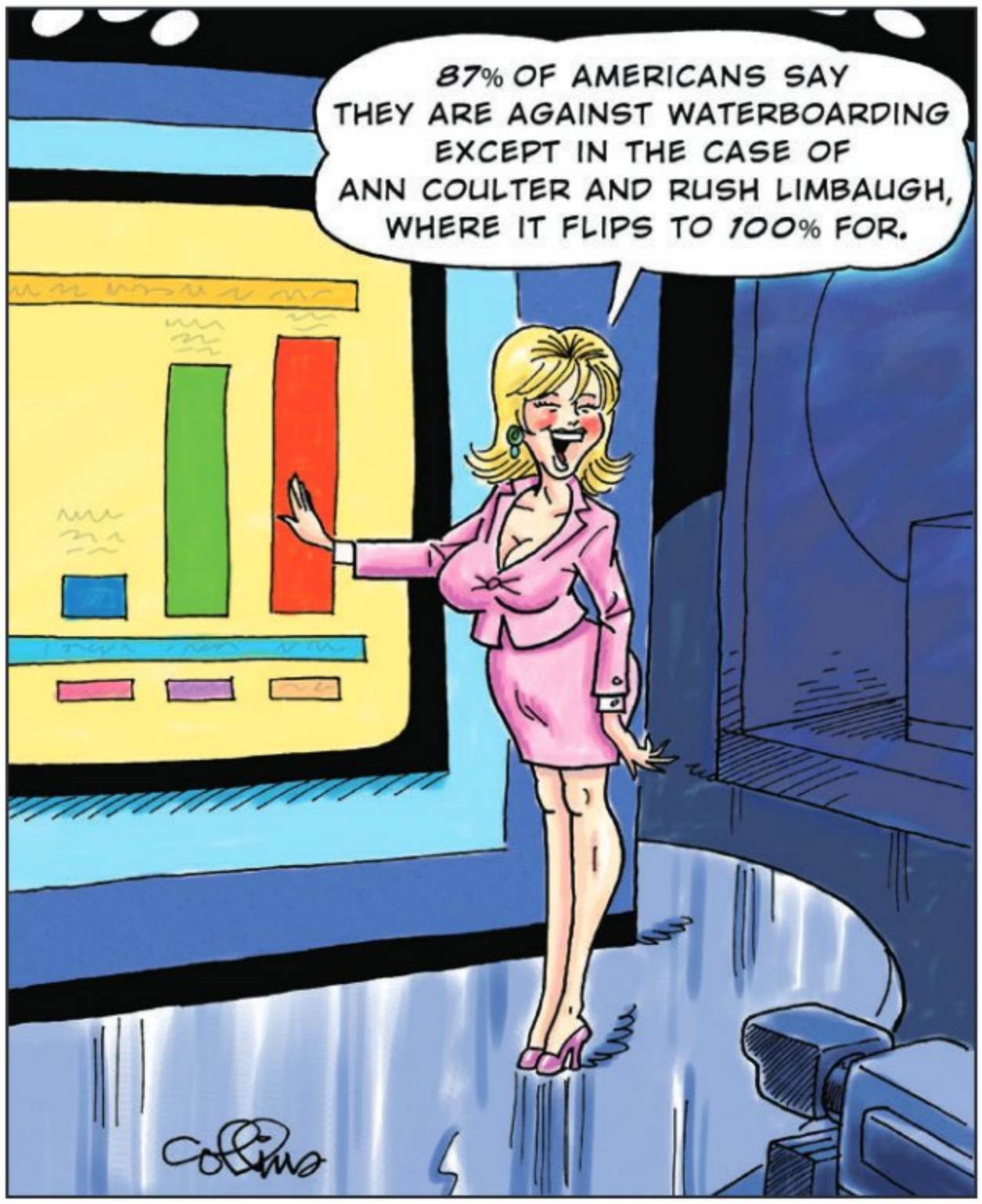


Artist Phil Henderson likes women with curves. We mean unbelievable CURVES. We're talking thick, packed, stacked, voluptuous and badonkadonk. We mean PHAT, not fat. Women so magnificently filled out, they make Kim Kardashian seem like an undernourished Ethiopian kid sucking on a rock.

Best known for his *Sizzle* magazine covers, Henderson has taken this obsession to the brink by showcasing his anatomical wonders in the sexy new book *Extreme Curves*. It features paintings of ladies with humongous breasts and a whole lot of fine booty, but these aren't fat chicks. They're truly curvy beauties whose average measurements are 48X26X44DD. Challenging conventional aesthetics, Henderson's outrageously proportioned creations prove that sometimes bigger *is* better!

Extreme Curves is available at bookstores. If you want to see more of Phil Henderson's amazing artwork, not to mention the bodacious babes who modeled for him in the flesh, check out **Xtreme-Curves.com**. Kate Moss, eat your heart out!

"Obama has inspired me to achieve greatness! Let's rob 50 people tonight!"


87% OF AMERICANS SAY THEY ARE AGAINST WATERBOARDING EXCEPT IN THE CASE OF ANN COULTER AND RUSH LIMBAUGH, WHERE IT FLIPS TO 100% FOR.

(continued from page 40) U.S., and a high one if production is offshored. Companies would migrate back to the lower tax rate, which would bring jobs and GDP back to America and reduce imports by the amount of production that returns to the U.S.

The budget deficit could be reduced by ending the pointless wars in Iraq and Afghanistan and by cutting the U.S. military budget, which is larger than the GDP of some of the countries we are defending ourselves against. The deficit would also be stemmed if we nationalized the banks instead of bailing them out.

The U.S. can no longer afford an empire with which to dominate the world. The U.S. no longer has hundreds of billions annually to hand over to the military industry. Those dollars have to be borrowed, and that undermines the U.S. economy.

Russian presidents have asked for accommodation with Washington, but Washington keeps pursuing aggressive policies toward Russia, putting missile bases in Poland and radar sites in the Czech Republic while attempting to install NATO in former constituent parts of the Soviet Union.

This is madness. When the Romans realized that they were overextended relative to their resources, they pulled back their imperial frontiers. The U.S. has so far refused to bring its imperial pretensions in line with its resources.

Why doesn't Obama do what FDR did to end the Great Depression?

FDR was faced with a potential contraction of the money supply from bank failures. It is this 1930s problem upon which U.S. policy is currently focused. However, Obama is faced with greater problems than FDR because the government budget deficits could sink the dollar and remove the dollar from its reserve currency role. In the 1930s the U.S. economy was not dependent on imports, and the dollar's exchange value was not jeopardized by oversupply—meaning there wasn't an excess supply of dollars to dilute the dollar's value. FDR had no difficulty keeping the trade balance manageable, but Obama might.

The greatest problem with Obama's bailouts is that they are being financed by issuing more U.S. Treasury debt, which taxpayers will end up having to pay. Interest will have to be paid on the trillions of borrowed dollars, and this will divert tax revenues from other uses. If the Treasury nationalized the banks, the U.S. government would not have to issue trillions of dollars in new Treasury debt to pay for bailouts and interest.

If government budget deficits are monetized, there's a real risk of hyperinflation. Since hyperinflation means that the value of the dollar plummets, it could make it impossible for the U.S. to import energy, manufactured goods and advanced technology products. With energy disruptions would come supply disruptions to grocery stores and disrupted heating and electricity supplies. America would quickly learn what it is like to be a Third World country.

Transition Lane

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

MIA PRESLEY

The adult industry is packed with rebuilt beauties pumped full of silicone, but **Mia Presley** proudly remains all-natural. "I like my tiny little tits," she chirps. "They're so much fun to play with. Ask any of the girls I've had sex with on film."

Saying no to a boobjob goes deeper than that. "Over the years I've been in porn," **Mia** explains, "people have constantly told me to get implants, but that's not for me. I'm not fake. Everything I do is authentic. When you see me come onscreen, I'm not faking it. I'm really getting off. Just thinking about that is making me a little wet."

Got boys?

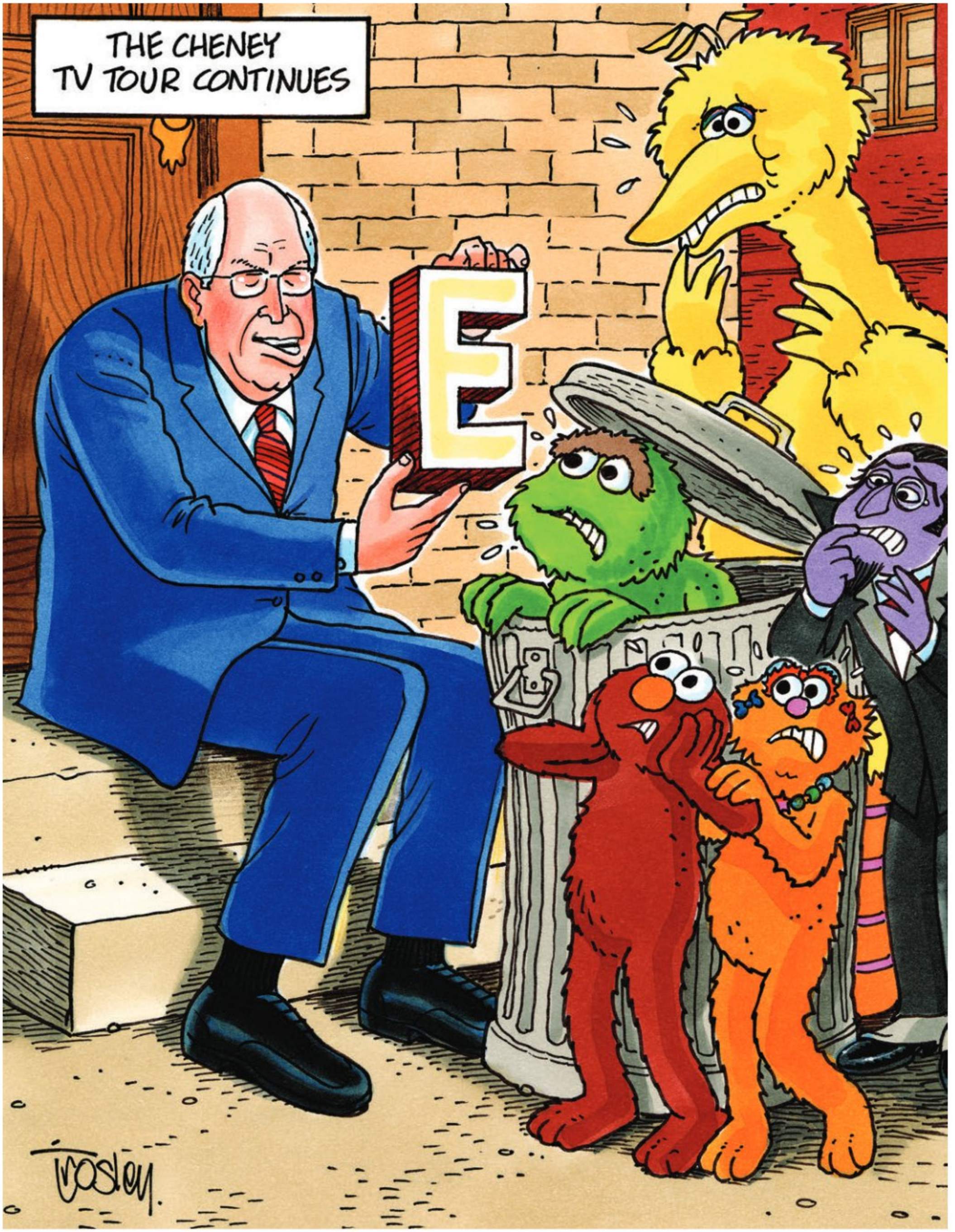
boys?

Although Mia does only girl/girl scenes, she drastically switches things around off the set. “On film I tend to be the dominant one,” she proceeds. “Maybe that’s why in my bedroom I like to reverse it by being submissive with a guy. That’s the other thing: I do only women on film and only guys in my personal life. That way I get to have the best of both worlds.”

Finally, Mia hits us with some shocking news: “This may be one of my last explicit photo-shoots. I’ve cut way back and am only doing about two hard-core scenes a month now. I’ve been transitioning to the soft-core world, like lots of “MAX After Dark” stuff for cable. I have my own Web site that features articles on beauty, sex, culture and fashion—but no nudity. I’m trying to give ‘sexy’ a smarter voice.”

BUSH

MIA PRESLEY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: West Hollywood, California | AGE: 30 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 115 | MEASUREMENTS: 32B-27-37



"This is E as in 'enhanced interrogation'...very necessary to keep bloodthirsty terrorists from crashing a plane into Sesame Street and blowing your punk puppet asses to hell!"

A DAY IN THE LIFE

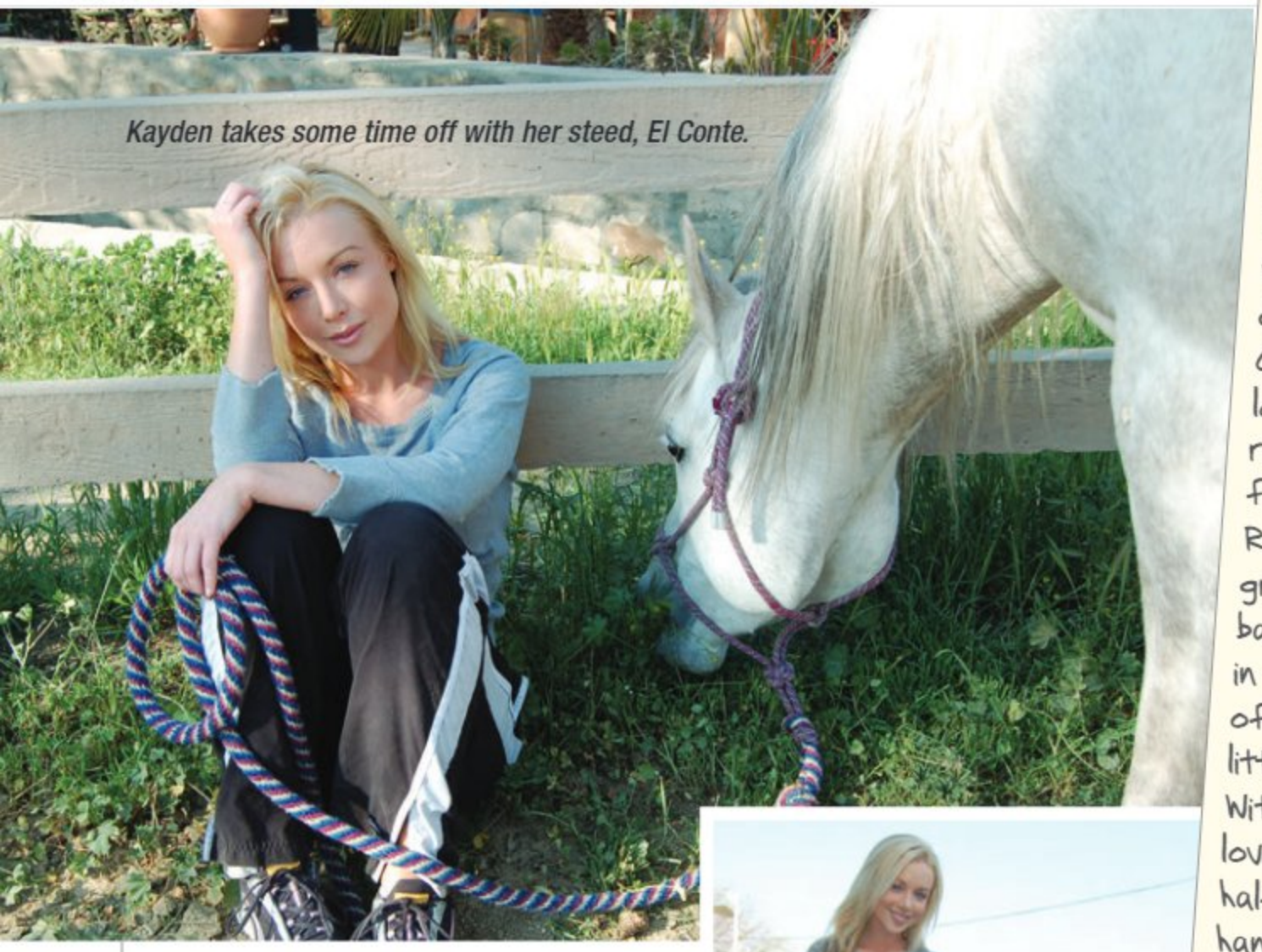
Kayden Kross

As our reporter tags along, a porn superstar endears her fans with a public appearance and spunky Webcam performance.

What sounds more challenging? Reciting personal poetry while standing in front of 40 strangers at a local coffee shop or being double penetrated on camera by two savvy adult-industry studs?

If you were to pose this question to Kayden Kross, the native Californian (from Sacramento) skin-biz superstar and all-around Renaissance woman would confidently tell you she could handle both tasks and more than likely give you a woody while performing either one.

I'm not suggesting Kayden Kross should be the next Poet Laureate of the United States. The Adam & Eve contract girl wouldn't stomach the pay cut. The point is that although Kayden is one of the top names in the porn industry, she isn't just about the sex. Kayden likes her job, of course—the money, the adoration, the fame.


Kayden takes some time off with her steed, El Conte.

No surprise there, but she also likes to stretch in a lot more ways than the usual gymnastic variations her profession requires. Kayden's an avid cook, a short story writer, a "for real" favorably reviewed poet (*Sacramento News & Review*), a skilled equestrian and a whip-smart businessperson. Sprinkle in her undeniable beauty, along with the ability to give a first-class blowjob, and you've got the perfect woman.

My insight into multitalented Kayden Kross begins simply enough at Stan's Adult Super Store in Hollywood. To me, Stan's seems more like a seamy, garden-variety smut purveyor than an adult superstore, but when Kayden drops in for a few hours signing posters and DVDs for fans, she's as enthusiastic as if the event were being held at a Borders in Beverly Hills.

An eclectic mix of people has shown up: well-groomed businessmen, blue-collar types and some hard cases off the street who look as if they could give registered sex offenders a bad name—but everyone is reverential and polite.

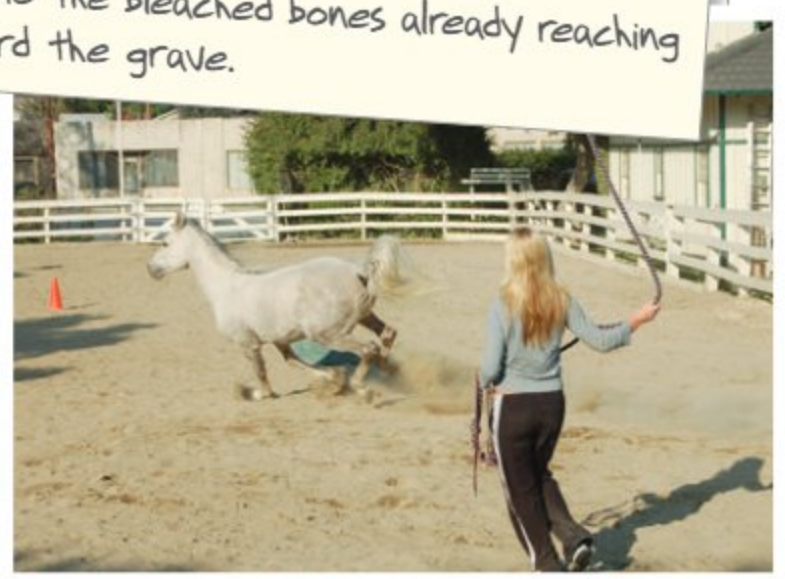
How come? I wonder. This group is acting as if they're waiting in line for Salman

PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

CLEAR CUT

POEM BY KAYDEN KROSS

Illness preys on
black and white scraps of
black and white kids
with their black and white
death or life eyes.
Cancer gnaws at spines and livers
leaves these lips
raw
from licking back their spit.
Races mingle in the street
grow up and mingle in the
backyard
in the backseat
of the abandoned car
littered with discarded cans and rusted tin.
Withered kids thrust
love/lust half gasped breaths
half grown breasts
hands on in fundamental play.
Bald penis
pink
bald like his head
bald to the bleached bones already reaching
toward the grave.



Kayden signs for fans at Stan's.

Kayden on set with costar Erik Everhard…

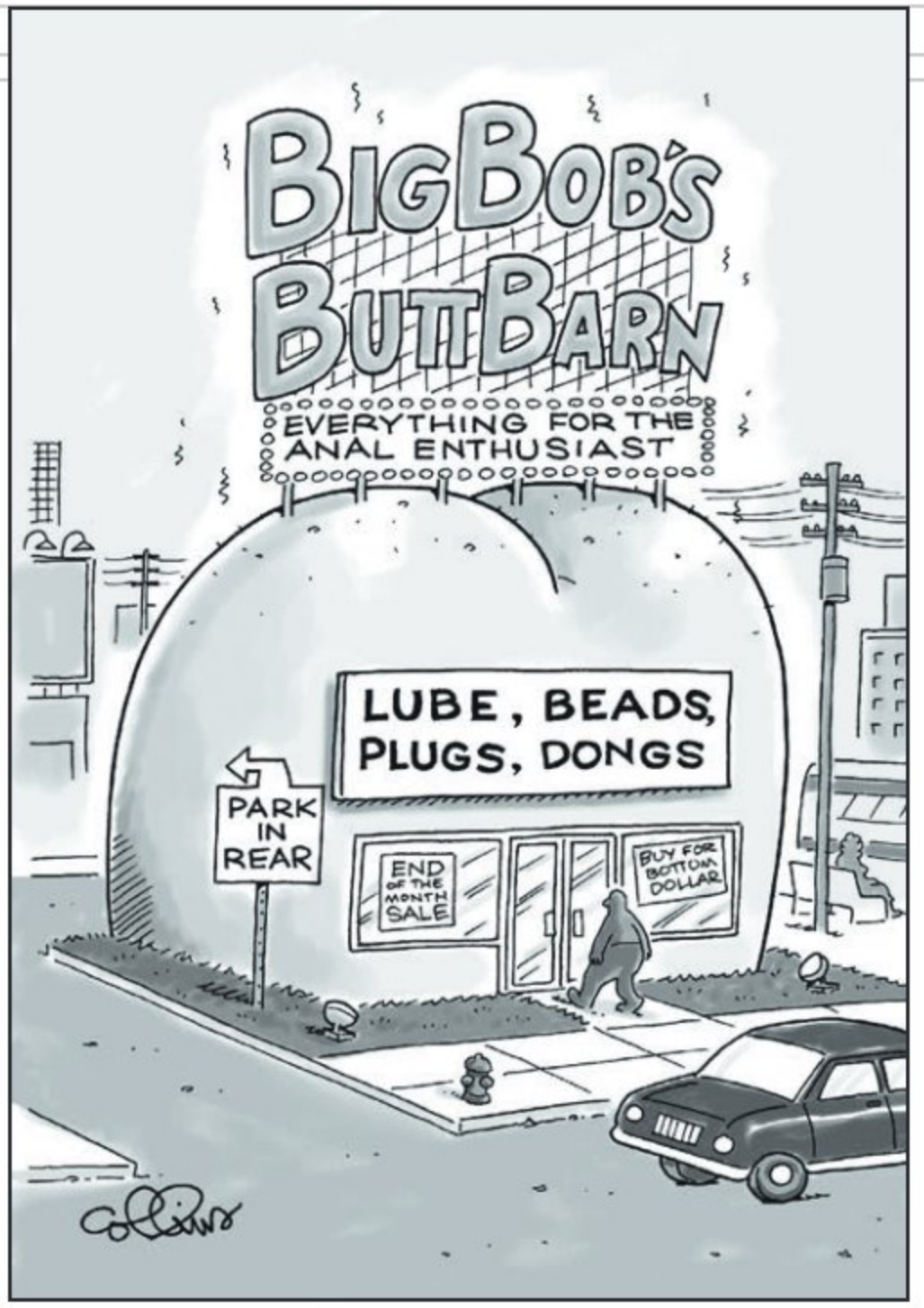
…and Webmaster Rodeo Danger.

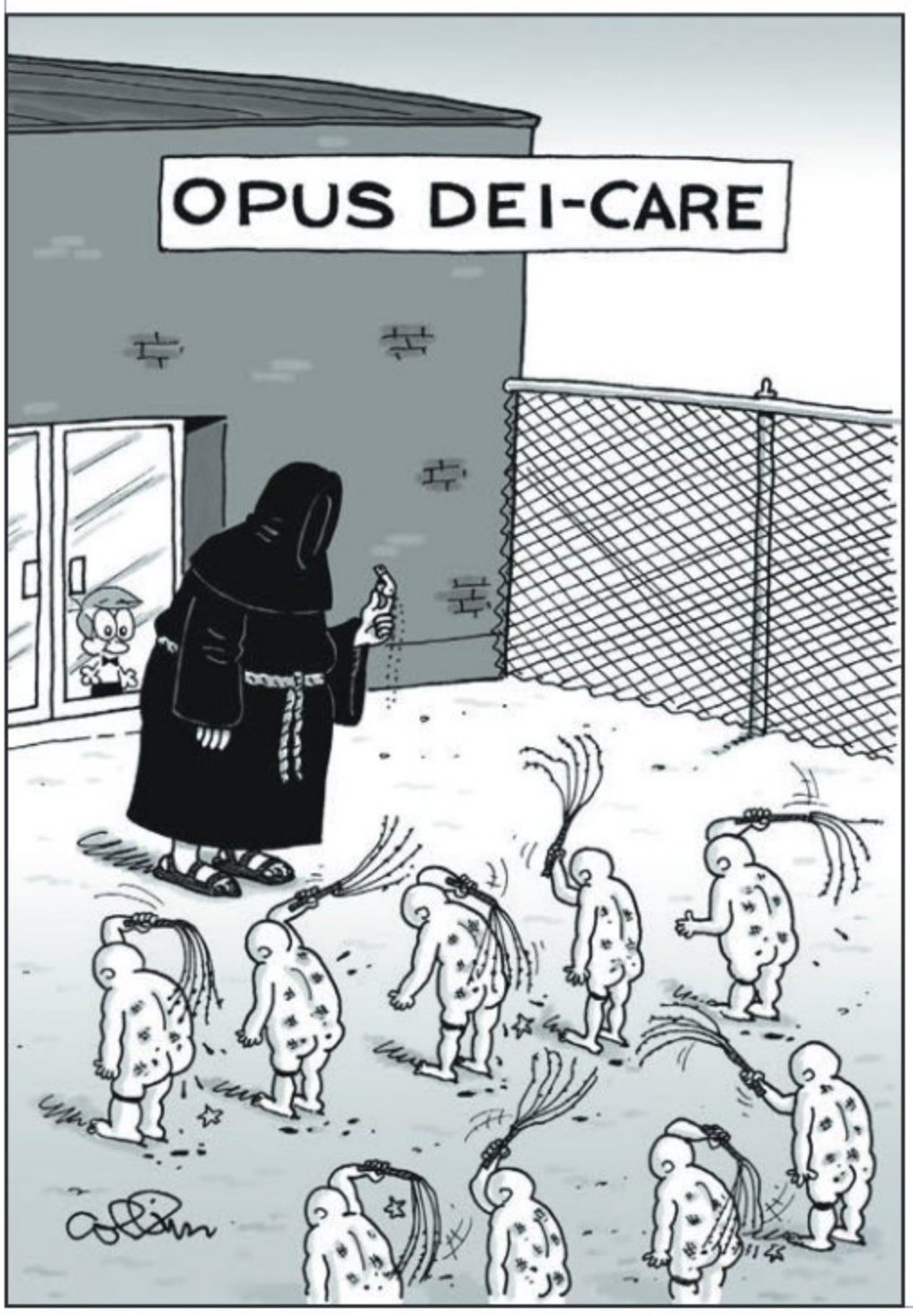
Rushdie's autograph, not their favorite porn star's. If you're a fan, you've seen Kayden violated in the extreme by the industry's best and biggest stallions, which means her minions have a greater familiarity with her private parts than her gynecologist. I reason that intimacy should translate into some boisterous, frat-guy-like behavior—at least for somebody.

But it doesn't. Virtually all the men who come up to the table where Kayden holds court are downright shy. And not one word is uttered about sex—not one! A few curious fellows ask questions like "What's your next project?" or "Are you going to be working with other production companies?"—stuff you'd expect to hear on *The View*, not at an adult store. *(continued on page 89)*

PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

KIDS... THEY GROW UP SO FAST!


BIG BOB'S BUTT BARN
EVERYTHING FOR THE ANAL ENTHUSIAST
LUBE, BEADS, PLUGS, DONGS
PARK IN REAR
END OF THE MONTH SALE
BUY FOR BOTTOM DOLLAR

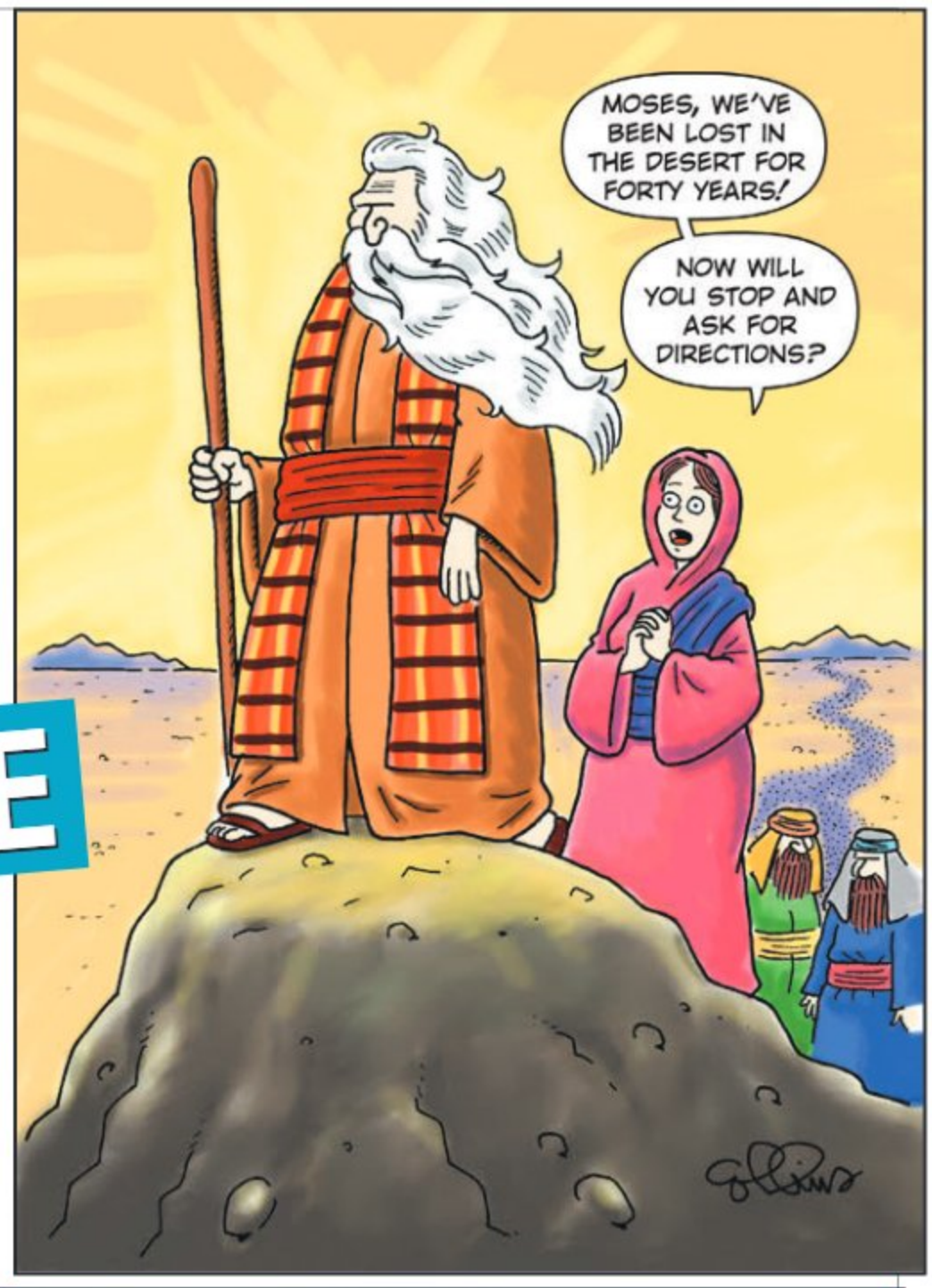

OPUS DEI-CARE

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR LEAF?

Dan Collins

FUNNY FOR THE FUCK OF IT

How one of America's premier cartoonists stays on top of his game.



Most guys get out of school and go to the nearest fast food joint to flip burgers. Dan Collins is not your ordinary guy. Finishing up as an art major at Ohio State University, Dan headed straight to nearby HUSTLER Magazine, which until 1978 was headquartered in Columbus, Ohio.

Talk about a match made in hell! Dan's quirky (some would say sick), no-holds-barred humor was a perfect fit for Larry Flynt's then-burgeoning, push-the-envelope publication. And more than 30 years later, it still is!

The one thing you can truly say about Dan's cartoons is that there are no sacred cows. Over the years, he's trashed God, Presidents, pregnant moms and even those nice little ice cream trucks that sell popsicles to kids in the summer. Along the way, Dan has also delved into the world of editorial cartoons, greeting cards, album covers and—in tune with the lifelong Ohioan's entrepreneurial spirit—selling T-shirts and mugs emblazoned with his artwork.

Thank God there was a venue for Dan's creative juices! Without a proper outlet for his sick and twisted vision, he was bound to end up in a clock tower with a rifle!

If you wish to pick up a T-shirt or mug with some weird cartoon on it, or just want to check out what he's up to, visit **DanCollinsCartoons.com**.

LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT

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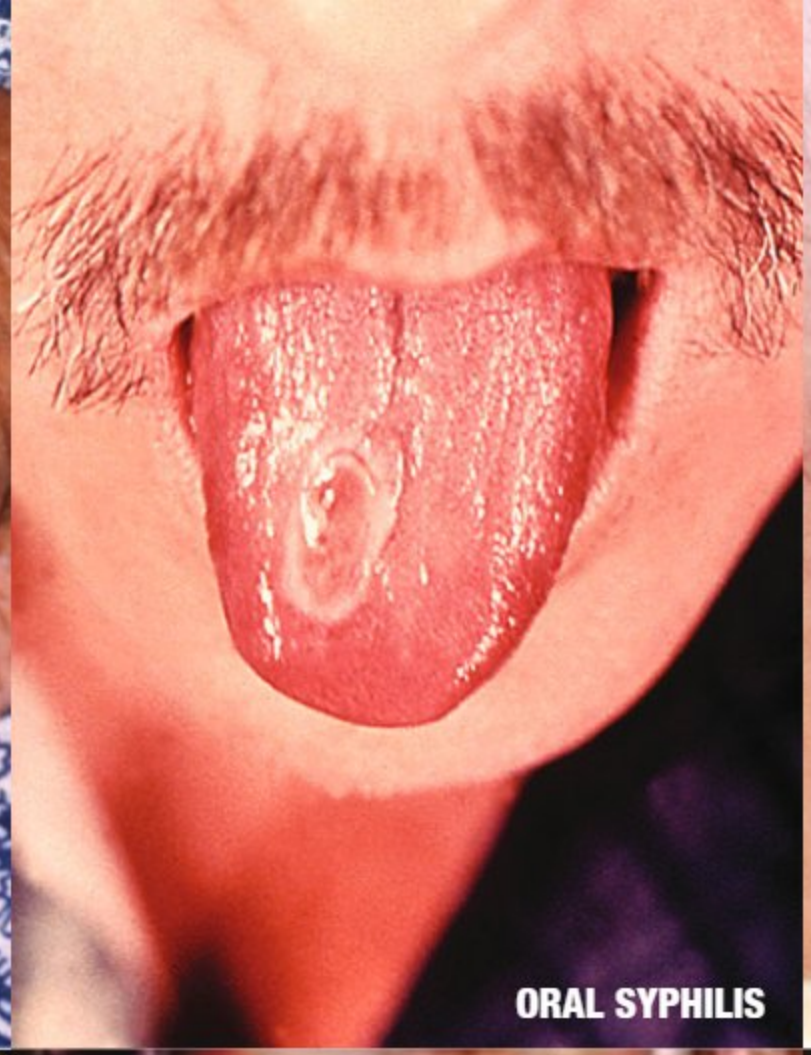


THINK YOU DON'T NEED A

HUSTLER'S GUIDE TO STDs

"I love wearing condoms!"

"Rubbers make sex feel great!"

"I never want to go bareback again!"

If you've ever blurted out one of these statements…uh…wait a second, who are we kidding? Of course you've never uttered these words! After all, no one likes wearing condoms. You slip one on because you have to, not because you want to. Right?

In the U.S., 19 million new sexually transmitted infections occur each year, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. That number wouldn't be so high if more men regularly suited up. But they don't. In fact, only 22.5% of men say they always use condoms with casual sex partners. Why is it hard for guys to keep it covered? "Men don't wear condoms for a lot of different reasons," says Eric Marlowe Garrison, a certified sex counselor in New York City. Garrison, who lectures internationally about safer-sex practices, has heard every explanation from "I didn't have one on hand" to "I don't like the way they feel."

Here are six sexually transmitted diseases that are just waiting for you.

CHLAMYDIA: Chlamydia is one of the most common STDs, and its popularity keeps growing. In 2006 over 1,030,911 chlamydia diagnoses were reported, up from 976,445 in 2005. That's a spike of nearly 55,000. It's estimated that over 2 million people are infected with *chlamydia trachomatis*, the bacterium that causes the disease, but symptoms appear in only 50% of the cases. What are the symptoms? The head of your penis may hurt; your organ may itch and spew out discharge. Taking a leak may be painful too. Antibiotics can cure all of these ails. If you don't get treated, however, you may end up with epididymitis (swollen testicles) and urethritis (inflammation of the urethra), two serious conditions that trigger pain, fever and, in some cases, sterility—bad news if you want to be a daddy.

GONORRHEA: Rates for gonorrhea, a bacterial infection also known as the Clap, leveled off for a while. However, the numbers have begun creeping up again. In 2006 more than 350,000 new cases were diagnosed. *Neisseria gonorrhoeae* thrives in warm, moist areas like…well, your pee hole, mouth, throat, eyes and anus. When and if signs show up (many times they don't), they can include a burning sensation when pissing and a white, yellow or green discharge from your dick. (Check your boxers for lemony-lime splotches.) A dose of antibiotics will get gonorrhea out of your system, but without treatment, epididymitis (engorged, tender balls, remember?) and sterility may be in your future.

SYPHILIS: By 2000, syphilis rates had bottomed out, then the disease gradually gained momentum. It's been on a dramatic rise ever since. It first shows up as a single sore on or near your mouth or penis. That pimple, which is often painless, is where the syphilis bacterium, *Treponema pallidum*, entered your body. Next, rough, reddish-brown

CONDOM? THINK AGAIN!

The ideas expressed in this article are solely for informational and entertainment purposes and are not a substitute for medical advice.

HERPES (MOUTH)

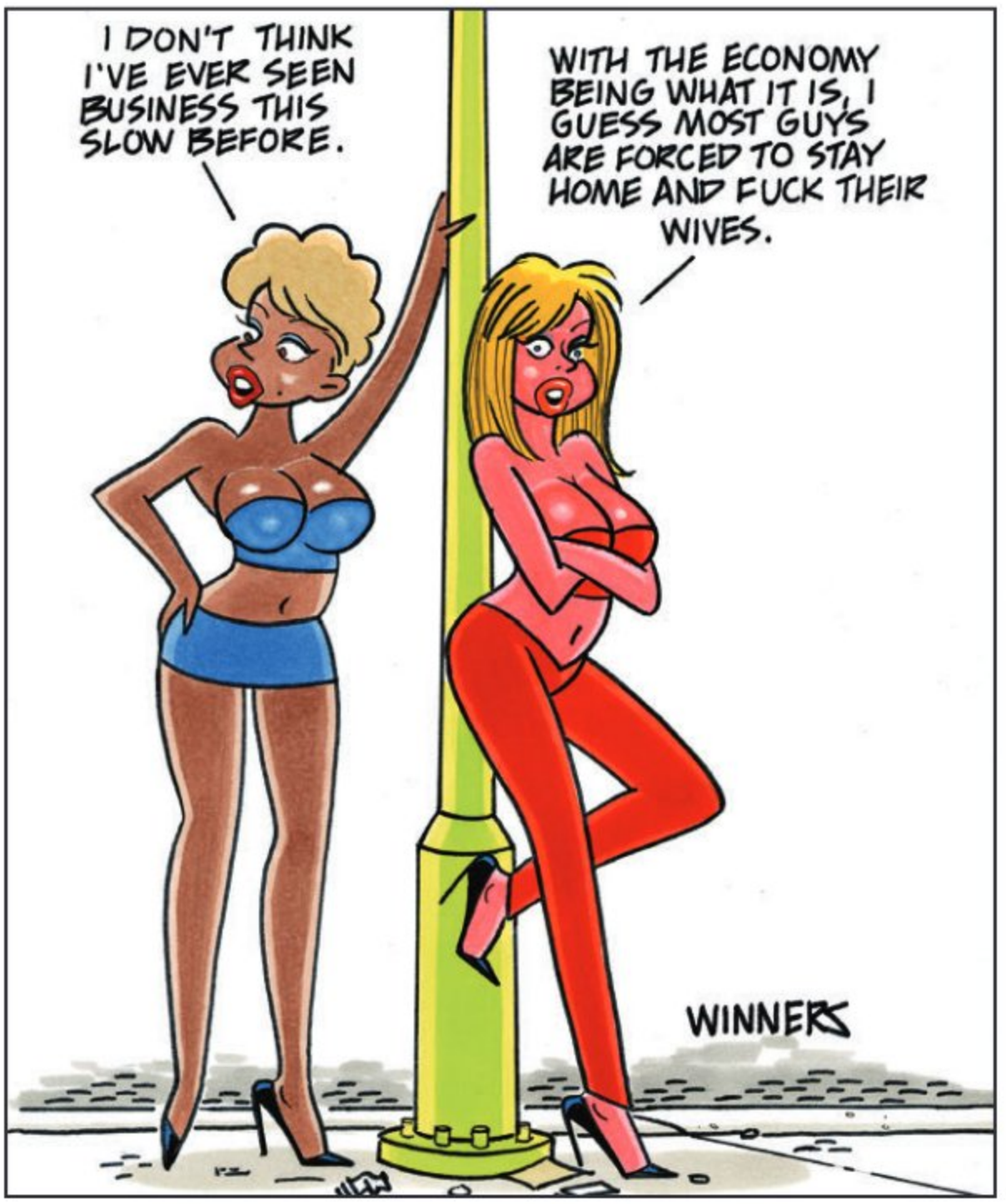
HPV (ANUS)

rashes often appear on your skin, accompanied by a host of other unpleasant symptoms, such as fever, sore throat, hair loss, headaches, muscle aches and fatigue.

Without antibiotic treatment, things get much worse. Risks include brain, heart and other organ damage, all of which can lead to death. It's also been shown that having syphilis increases your risk of being infected with HIV.

HPV: Because the human papillomavirus can lead to cervical cancer, emphasis has been on reducing the virus in women. HPV infects guys too, however. In fact, in the U.S. nearly 20 million men and women are infected with the virus, and more than 6 million new infections occur every year. Depending on the type of HPV you contract—there are more than 40 strains—you may or may not have signs. Low-risk HPV is linked to itchy, burning genital warts. These can show up as a single growth or as a cauliflowerlike cluster of bumps on your penis, balls, thigh, anus and perineum. If you've gone down on a woman infected with HPV, the growths can also show up in your mouth, but that's rare. The warts can be burned, frozen or cut off by a doctor. Higher-risk types of HPV, which have no symptoms or cure, can cause…penis cancer!

HERPES: The shitty thing about herpes is that once you're infected, it never goes away. But the good news is that herpes simplex virus 2, the strain that causes genital sores, is on the decline. Still, it's estimated that 45 million people age 49 and younger have had the infection. Your first outbreak is the most memorable: Blisters develop around the penis or anus, then eventually break, leaving painful ulcers. Other symptoms may include additional sores, fever and swollen glands. Future episodes are usually milder and shorter in duration. Taking antiviral drugs can help prevent future outbreaks. Luckily, the number of outbreaks diminishes over the years.


I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN BUSINESS THIS SLOW BEFORE.
WITH THE ECONOMY BEING WHAT IT IS, I GUESS MOST GUYS ARE FORCED TO STAY HOME AND FUCK THEIR WIVES.
WINNERS

HIV/AIDS: At the end of 2006, 1.1 million people in the U.S. had been afflicted with the human immunodeficiency virus. Blacks have been the hardest-hit racial group, and nearly half the total number are gay men. Straight Caucasians aren't out of the woods though. According to a new CDC report, 28% of those infected with the virus contracted it through high-risk heterosexual sex (for example, boning more than one woman without protection). The CDC also estimates that more than 232,000 individuals in the U.S. don't even know they have HIV. Having another STD—say a herpes or syphilis lesion on your dick—increases the chances of being infected.

Early signs include flulike afflictions—fever, headache, sore throat—as well as swollen lymph glands or rash. After your immune system has been under siege, the symptoms become more severe. These include weight loss, diarrhea, excessive fatigue and breathing difficulties. The last grim phase of the infection is known as AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome). To find out what that looks like, watch the movie *Philadelphia*. The sight of Tom Hanks's character will make you want to wrap up your dick for good.

Jen Matlack writes about sex, health and psychology for magazines such as *Glamour*, *Men's Health* and *Redbook*. She resides in Bethel, Connecticut.

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

Double Pumped

"Please Take My Wife!"

About two weeks ago a young married couple came in and headed straight to the bar. We started talking, and it turned out that the woman (whom I'll call Katey) wanted to try sex with another girl.

Partying with two girls is a pretty common fantasy for a man with a wife or girlfriend, but what usually happens is he'll leave her at home and just come here and have some fun. Or maybe he'll talk his lady into coming to the Ranch to party with a girl and later join in. Maybe he'll just watch, getting himself off in the corner or whatever. But it's not too common for a couple to come in, and only the girl wants to party. Well, that's what this couple had in mind, and that was fine with me.

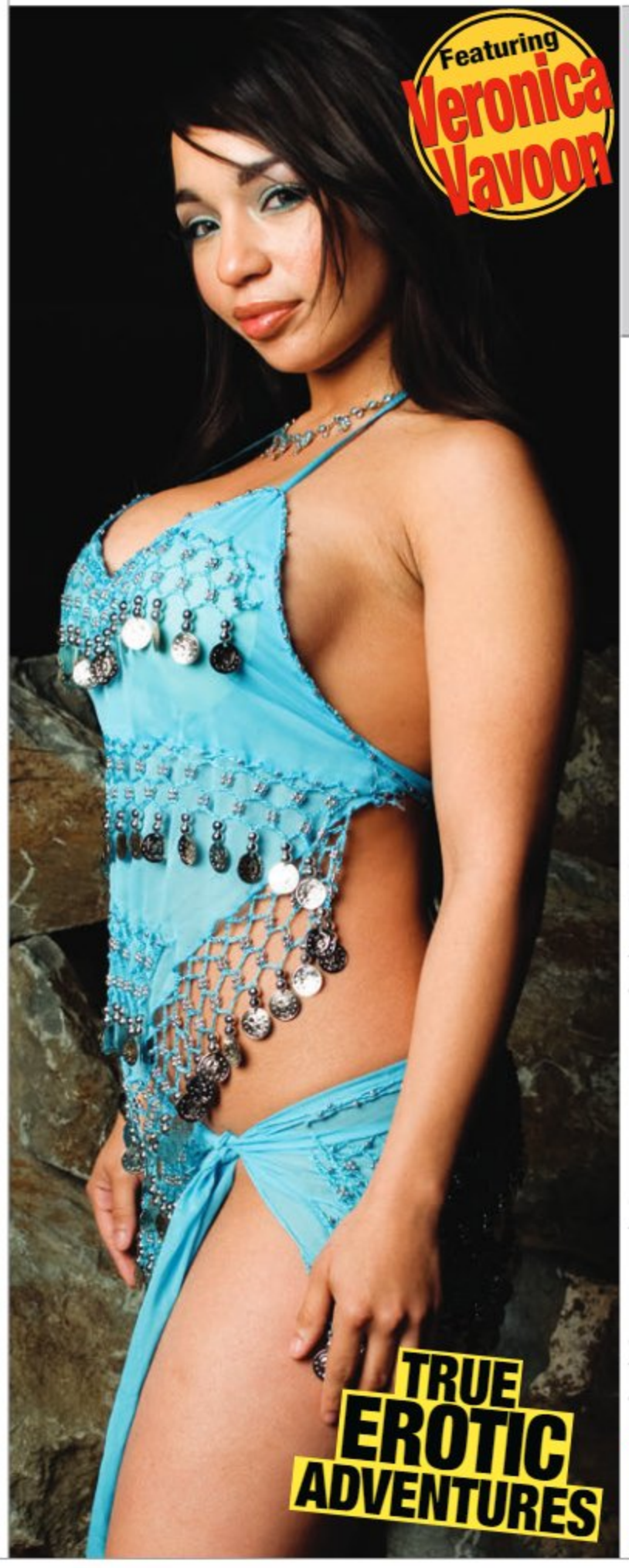
So I took Katey back to my room, and we both undressed. I was getting wet just looking at her. She had the most amazing, absolutely perfect body. Natural breasts. Really healthy. Just a beautiful, beautiful girl. Katey looked like she stepped right out of a fashion magazine or something. A really cute personality too.

I grabbed a bottle of massage oil and started massaging every inch of her awesome body. I did it really slowly. Katey's skin was as smooth as silk. From head to toe, everything about her was an incredible turn-on. I was using my hands, my tongue, my fingertips, my nipples, my clit, every part of my body to rub her down.

I was paying special attention to her feet. Katey had the most beautiful toes I had ever seen. They were absolutely adorable. That took up about 30 minutes of the session right there. The two of us were totally worked up, so we started getting more into things.

I went down on the doll for a while after that, licking everywhere. Katey really seemed to enjoy that. She was trimmed real carefully. You could tell she took care of herself down there, and she was really clean. My tongue did little circles all around her lips and her clit, and I even licked around her asshole. She jerked around a little when I did that, like she was nervous, but I could tell she was digging it.

I grabbed the back of Katey's knees, spread her legs as wide as I could and dove in. She was wiggling around and shoving herself up at my tongue, trying to get as much of it into her as she could.



Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.

She was so wet that her juices were just dripping down and slicking up my face.

But I was afraid that Katey might not be able to get off just from tongue-fucking her ass. It was important to me that she came, so I got out a vibrator. I started gliding it in and out of her pussy and rubbing it on her clit while I kept tonguing her asshole. She sure responded well to that.

Just when I thought Katey was going to come, she stopped me. "Can we try that?" she asked, pointing at the double dildo on my nightstand. I got the thing and lubed it up.

Just as I started sliding it into her pussy, she said, "No, not like that." She lifted herself a little higher, and I slipped the dildo into her asshole and then into mine. So there we were, linked up ass-to-ass, and we started grinding against each other. I reached down and started rubbing her pussy, and she did the same to me.

Man, we just went crazy on each other. I thought the bed was going to break. We both came all over each other. Katey and I collapsed when we finished and lay there for while.

When we returned to the bar, her husband was still sitting there. I know we had a lot more fun than he did—a lot more fun. I just wonder if Katey told him how wild our party got.

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.

CZECH MATES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

MICHELLE & BRIDGET

The following is a fictional conversation between two gorgeous chicks living in Prague.

Bridget (the platinum blonde): We sure look sexy in these pictures.

Michelle: No, you look sexy. I look confused.

Bridget: Stop it, you are so hot!

Michelle: No, you are the hot one!

Bridget: You're so hot, I could go down on you right here and lick your pussy.

Michelle: Yeah?

(*Muffled sounds of slurping and moaning. Cut to 20 minutes later.*)

Bridget: I'm sorry. Where were we?

Michelle: You were facedown in my kitty, giving me the most intense orgasm I've ever had.

Bridget: Right. Oh, we were looking at our HUSTLER spread.

Michelle: We are so close…like sisters.

Bridget: Actually closer than sisters.

Michelle: Right, because sisters don't use vibrators on each other.

Bridget: They may share one.

Michelle: You know what's really hot? The very last picture. I liked having your pussy rubbing my ass.

Bridget: That was a new position for me.

Michelle: There's one thing missing in these pictures though.

Bridget: What's that?

Michelle: A man!

Bridget: Just thinking about that makes me wet.

Michelle: Very wet, I see. Let me help you there.

(Sounds of slurping, finger-fucking and moans. Fade to black.)

ASHLEY M
CHEATING FOR F

The online dating site caters to attached men and women seeking sex on the side, but who's really getting screwed?

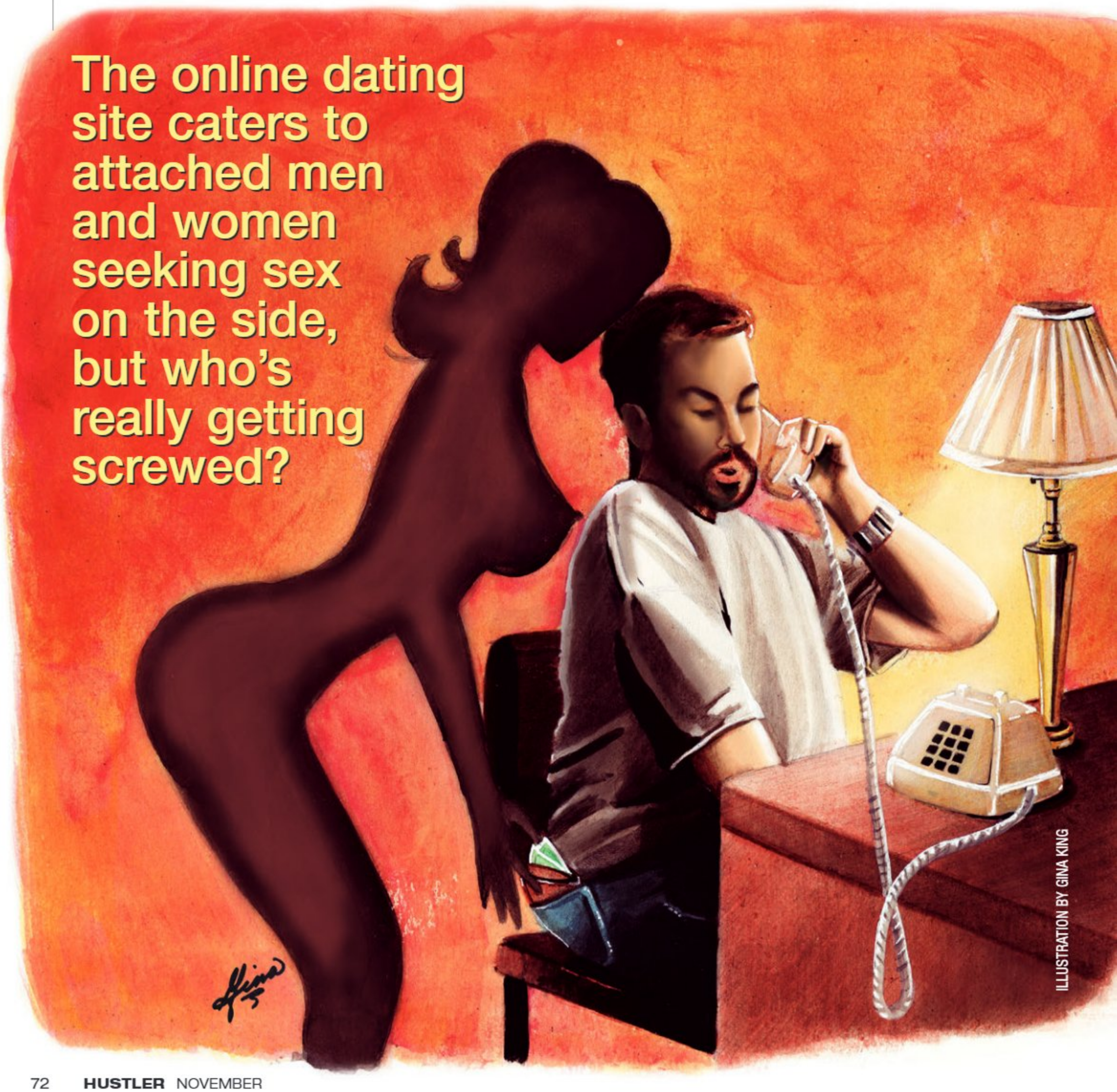


ILLUSTRATION BY GINA KING

MADISON UN...AND PROFIT

HUSBANDS, WIVES, LOVERS and fuck buddies cheat on each other. It was only a matter of time before some sharpie figured out a way to make a buck on infidelity—or rather to make millions of bucks by dangling the possibility of secret liaisons.

Exhorting "Life is short, have an affair," the Ashley Madison Agency has become an Internet phenomenon. People looking for nookie can go to hundreds of online sites—notably eHarmony, Adult Friend Finder, Match.com—but only **AshleyMadison.com** claims to be the cyber-key to comfy cheating. Just sign up, discreetly get to know that slutty housewife nearby and bang!

In 72 hours I had 112 hopeful dates, ranging from "Let's fuck!" to "What kind of furry animal costumes do you prefer?"

This "Ashley Madison" is not the actress who shacked up with pockfaced weirdo James Woods, although AM tried to rope her into being a spokesperson in 2004. The marketing geniuses of this sex service simply combined two posh girly names instead of more honestly calling the site LunchtimeFuck.com or BlowMeWhileMyWifeIsAway.net. Hence Ashley Madison, a moniker that oozes classy anticipation.

Okay, intrigued by another AM mantra—"When monogamy becomes monotony"—I tried connecting. After just a few questions during a phone chat with publicist Elissa Buchter, I felt she was the heart of the artichoke. The enterprising Darren Morgenstern may be AM's head honcho, but it was spunky Miss Buchter who sold me on writing this article. "We bought a billboard on Sunset Boulevard [in West Hollywood, California]," she bragged.

Expectedly, the billboard—which conveyed the "Life Is Short" theme—elicited immediate condemnation, with protesters chanting that AM was a sign of civilization's decay. "I set that up," Buchter confided, adding that the picketers were homeless passersby at ten bucks a pop and that the shrill protest leader was the publicist herself. A similar ad was displayed in New York City, garnering more outraged defense of monogamy.

AM's canny marketing has provided fodder for tsk-tsk "news" stories on TMZ, CNN, ABC and Fox, all of which have fallen for the obvious hook: a Web site that encourages infidelity. Morgenstern has recited his pro-cheating litany to softball interviewers like Montel Williams, Dr. Phil and Larry King. Paid ads on the Howard Stern and Tom Leykis radio shows have pushed the service. So what other PR brainstorms did the matchmakers hatch?

"Well, we did offer Katie Holmes a free lifetime membership," she revealed.

I laughed. Mrs. Tom Cruise could probably use the diversion. While on the phone with Buchter, I surfed her employer's uninspiring Web site. It's user-friendly but resembles a tedious pop-up ad. In theory, AM—which is headquartered in Toronto, Canada—seems like a credible Internet source for hanky-panky. "There are about 8.5 men for every 1.5 women that sign up," the FAQ page notes. "However, since approximately one out of every ten men actually purchases credits enabling them to contact female members, the active or probable ratio is closer to 1-1." Really?

I arranged a phone interview with owner Darren Morgenstern. A 10th-grade dropout, the Canadian calls himself "more American than your average American." And whaddaya know: Noel Biderman, former real estate guru and AM's CEO, just happened to be around when I called. Gosh, what are the odds?!

Morgenstern has publicly expressed he's a faithful husband, so I had to ask him about a gossip blurb in the *New York Post* that asserted he'd used AM to chippy on his wife. "If I were to cheat, AM would be the last place," he said calmly. "The PageSix.com article you refer to, I never agreed to that. I think it was a marketing ploy, a lampoon." I was shocked. You mean it was bullshit?!

"In 2000," Morgenstern continued, "I read an article indicating online dating was the most profitable Internet business, as opposed to retail goods. I didn't want to compete with incumbents, so I made AM niche-oriented, catering to people who were attached, and launched in January 2002.

"People buy a heady lie instead of the distasteful truth. Cheating is in every corner of the world, in every religious sect, faith and culture. We're sexual beings. AM has experienced an upward spiral in growth in clientele, interest and profit. I will continue to feed this voracious appetite."

When Biderman spoke to me, he gushed, "I met Darren in 2006 and started working for him. It's challenging and interesting, and I love challenges. AM is fraught with barriers, since we're a nontraditional entity. We've had lots of potential partners, and many have come to respect what we're doing once they talk to us."

These two guys were smooth—if you're 20 years old. I'm an actress, and I know a script when I hear one. I wanted to tell Morgenstern and Biderman to fax me this speech they were reciting so we could get down to important business.

I asked Morgenstern about a 2004 Federal Trade Commission lawsuit I'd uncovered.

He ran a company that would e-mail online businesses, warning them that they risked customer confusion if they didn't register all the variations of their Web site name—which his company would do for a fee. What the customers never knew was that Morgenstern himself was registering the phony alternate domain names, then charging his clients for selling the names back to them. The FTC and the U.S. District Court estimated Morgenstern pocketed a healthy $2 million.

To his credit, he answered politely, "The domain industry was deregulated sometime in '99. It was very Wild West at the time. I engaged in aggressive marketing, nothing criminal. I settled up like a big boy, and that was that. We received slaps on the wrist, and we all learned our lesson."

So the entrepreneur moved on to matching people up for lust and profit. "Ashley Madison is the dark, dirty secret," Morgenstern admitted, "which is why it's so damn profitable. Clients would not be online unless they want to buy."

But what are the clients buying? On their dime I decided to jump in the pool and, with any luck, get wet.

The site offers "free" membership—except that a freebie doesn't allow you to exchange e-mails. You only receive "winks," little "I saw your page and am interested" notes. To fully interact, you need to subscribe, buying credits to spend on varying degrees of communication: winking, e-mailing and viewing pictures with a special key. And the more time you spend online, the more AM makes. Funny how that works.

I limited my search since I wasn't exactly unattached, nor truly looking for an affair, but—ahem—a curious journalist. Not that I was dead-set against it, mind you. I posted a tiny thumbnail picture of myself and created a preference profile, specifying that I didn't want a serial killer. With my picky criteria, would anyone answer me?

Oh, yes. My "Please pound me" plea across the ether was instantly acknowledged. In 72 hours I had 112 hopeful dates, ranging from "Let's fuck!" to "What kind of furry animal costumes do you prefer?"

Some responders indicated a willingness to massage me until their limbs fell off. Others promised to whisk me away to my preferred destination, provide my desired cuisine, accommodations, clothes—hell, my own Birkin bag if I wanted! I could have it all, right now and all the time, and no one need know—ever. Here it was, all for the taking, with minimal effort on my part.

But the majority of responders failed to meet one iota of my posted conditions. (Asian male, for example.) There were cheap ones, polite ones, ugly ones, but rarely did they approach my stated preferences. For the most part the people who contacted me were folks I would run from if I were to meet them in public, and those were the pleasant ones. After reading a smattering of the 112, I realized the responses were so goddamn canned, I deleted them immediately.

AM doesn't post many pictures, and the female photos I could view were not exactly nubile, HUSTLER-quality. Let's just say the hottest puppy thus far was me; no MILFs in Uzbekistan or naughty Icelandic nymphets. And I did not find what I was looking for. This hot puppy doesn't pay for boring dick that can't follow simple directions. From the deluge of responses, I pictured a late dinner at Denny's and a blowjob in the parking lot—as I'm sure they did. And since I'm not 19 anymore, this scenario turned my lubrication tunnel a little dusty.

I couldn't even gather enough internal grit to ask these guys the journalistic basics: Was this the first time you've cheated? Have you ever gotten lucky? It didn't matter. I looked at their profiles and got really tired.

I took a break and Googled "Ashley Madison" to see what others had to say about the agency. I was not alone in my reaction, but certainly in the minority in other ways—like being a real human female and not a company shill. No wonder I got so many responses. One Web critique listed 110 posts, 64 of which shared the same complaint: fakery.

Xcitin: It would appear this site uses fake female users to lure men into purchasing and spending their credits.

Loro: There are fake women pretending to be looking for a relationship so men would cough up the money to buy credits. It's a scam.

Michael Z: Guy-to-girl ratio is 500-1.

Derrick: Nothing but escorts and shills on the Ashley Madison payroll.

feather69: There are NO real members. This is a scam in the same category as Desperate-Wives.com, FriendFinder.com and SexSearch.com.

Another Web site recounted this surreal anecdote: "I posted pictures of my vacuum cleaner and got about 50 e-mails that said how much they like my profile. That SUCKS!"

Okay, there was this raunchy hymn of praise: "What are you complaining about? I hooked up after my third e-mail. The girl did anal and everything, she was into ATM [ass-to-mouth, not automated teller machine, or so I'm told]. The next day, boom, another girl wants my hugh G rection, and I finished *(continued on page 92)*

HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE

BY MICHELLE McCARTHY

SCREEN NAME:

Haven Leigh

AGE: 27

STATUS: SINGLE

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 974

LOCATION: CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

URL: MYSPACE.COM/HAVEN_LEIGH

One of our kinkiest Girls of MySpace, Haven Leigh gets off on playing dress-up and unleashing all her twisted fantasies in bed. The clothing designer especially enjoys being on the receiving end of spankings and chokings, but she's always eager to reciprocate. "I make my man feel loved, appreciated and satisfied with back rubs and butterfly kisses," Haven relates. "I will spread my legs whenever he wants, so I'm pretty sure it's an even trade."

After losing her virginity at 17 to a much older guy, Haven had to wait two years to reach her first orgasm—with a girl! "She sort of taught me the ropes," the naughty North Carolinian confides, "or at least where to find my clitoris." Nevertheless, she insists that nothing can compare to a big, hard cock and the smell of a man.

"It takes a strong man to handle me," Haven coos. "I don't mind bringing girls into the bedroom even when I have a boyfriend, but afterward I don't want to feel like I have to entertain them. They have to understand it's just sex."

In addition to threesomes with her guy and another gal, Haven has an even more memorable experience: an all-female extravaganza at a swingers convention. "I'm a put-on-a-show type of girl," she recalls. "What can I say? I couldn't feel my clit the next day."

No surprise, Haven loves the idea of HUSTLER readers looking at her bare essentials, but she has another remarkable attribute: rapport with a photographer. That explains why Haven can't help but get "all hot and bothered" when she's naked in front of the camera. "It makes me feel liberated and horny," the die-hard exhibitionist admits, "especially if the guy or girl behind the lens is hot. I'm only human, right?"

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #35

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com*.

I'm a Porn Star!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

ISIS TAYLOR

I'm relatively new to the porn world," goddess-like **Isis Taylor** declares, "but so far I'm freakin' in love with it. Let me set the record straight right now: I am NOT an adult actress. I'm a porn star, bitches! I'm in this game to get paid and get off, but not necessarily in that order. I believe you have to be bold. That's how I got into the business to begin with."

Isis is as bold as they come. “One of my girlfriends told me she knew a porn director,” she recalls. “I just showed up at his office, barged in and ripped off my clothes. Needless to say, he signed me to do a film right then and there.”

When asked why she's so exotic-looking, **Isis** replies, "You think I'm beautiful? Wow! That means a lot because I usually think of myself as just an average-looking shy gal. Psych! Just kidding. I'll admit I'm cocky, confident, vain and big-headed. But why shouldn't I be? I'm fucking hot! I adore me. So do you. Admit it! I get my looks from my parents. I'm part-Peruvian, part-Israeli and a little bit Scottish. That's where I get all this from."

Befitting an assertive temptress, **Isis** confides, "I'm married, but that doesn't mean I'm not a player. I'm bisexual and always on the prowl for a hot girl to bring home. My husband knows there's no way I can just be with him. That's far too restrictive. Life is for living, and I'm living the dream, bitches!"

ISIS TAYLOR'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: "Porn Valley, California" | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 125 | MEASUREMENTS: 34C-26-39

Lugging a pail, a crusty farmer was walking toward his pond when he came upon three college babes skinny-dipping. "This here's my property," he bellowed, "and I want your asses out of there right quick!"

"I don't think so, you fucking pervert!" a bosomy blonde yelled back. "You just want to see our boobs and pussies!"

"Suit yourself, you teasing cum buckets," the farmer grunted. "I just came out here to feed my alligator!"

HUSTLER Wisdom: Never, under any circumstances, take a sleeping pill and a laxative on the same night.

While walking through a forest, two surgeons were bragging about their scalpel skills. The first surgeon pointed to an owl sleeping in a tree and said he could remove the bird's tonsils without waking it, then proceeded to do so.

Not to be outdone, the second surgeon declared that he could castrate the same owl without waking it. He too was successful.

The next day the owl was ready to fall asleep in a neighboring tree when another owl landed in the one it had vacated. "Hey," the mutilated owl sputtered, "I wouldn't sleep in that tree if I were you. I slept there yesterday, and now I can't hoot worth a fuck or fuck worth a hoot!"

A teacher in a Detroit elementary school asked her students if anyone could tell the class what sound a pig makes. Tyrone stood up and snorted, "Up against the wall, motherfucker!"

Told that a milk bath would make her skin softer, a busty blonde left a note for the milkman to leave 25 gallons on her porch. The next morning, thinking there was a mistake, the befuddled milkman rang the doorbell.

Tucked into a sheer robe, the babe answered the door. "I saw your note for 25 gallons," the milkman stammered. "That's pretty unusual. Did you really mean to jot down 2.5 gallons?"

"No, I want 25 gallons," the top-heavy chick insisted. "I'm gonna fill up my bathtub and take a milk bath."

"Oh, I get it," the milkman remarked. "Do you want it pasteurized?"

"No, just up to my tits," the ditzy blonde cooed.

In the middle of the night a daring thief broke into a police station and walked off with all the toilets and urinals, leaving no clues whatsoever. A police spokesperson later announced, "We have absolutely nothing to go on."

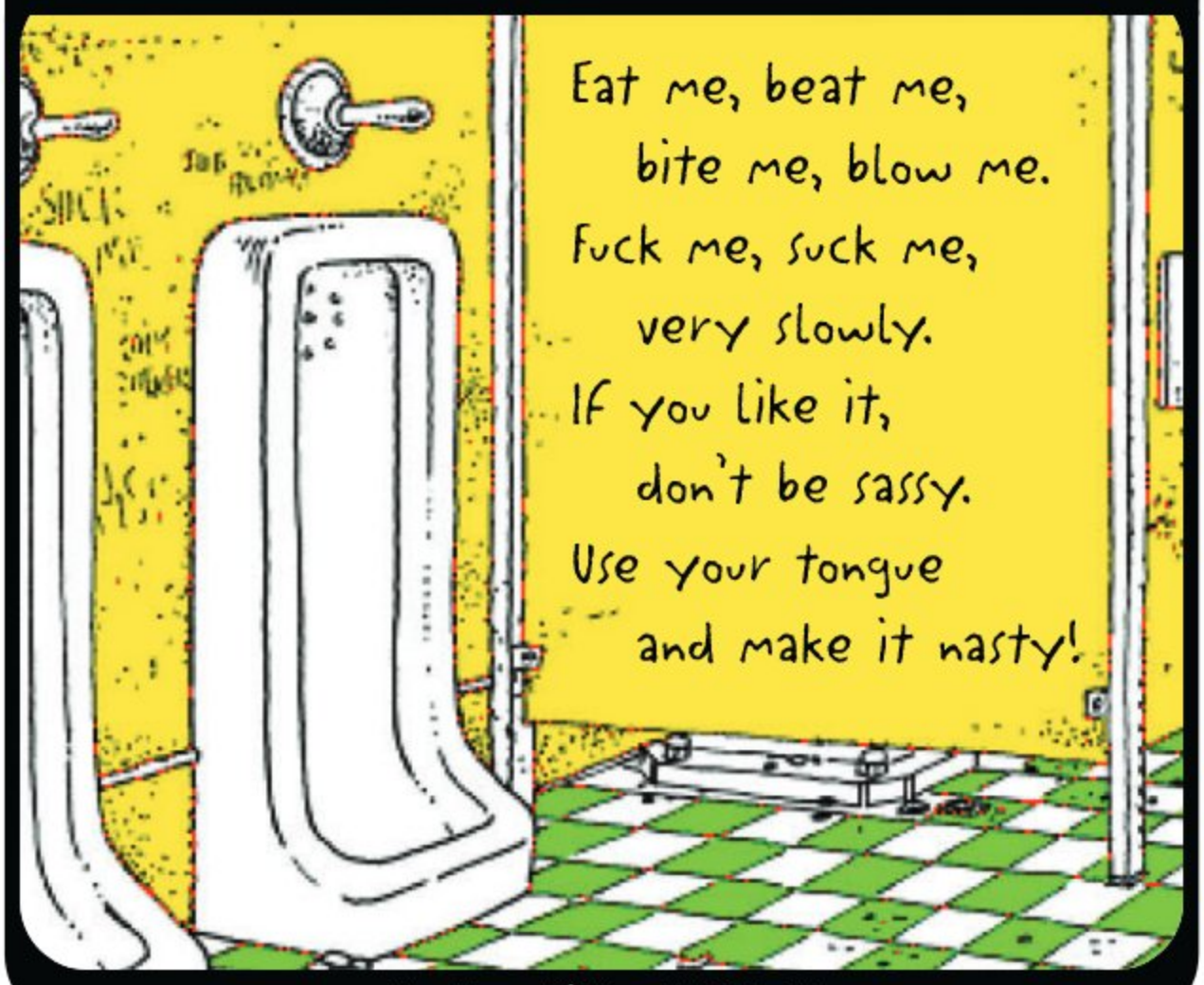
Very few people know that Albert Einstein's second wife was his cousin Elsa Lowenthal. The genius stated that he was attracted to Elsa, whom he wed in 1919, because she was so well-endowed. He also postulated that if you were attracted to women with huge tits, the lure is even stronger if there is a DNA connection. This came to be known as Einstein's Theory of Relative Titty.

What a woman says: "What a mess! C'mon, you and I gotta clean up your shit lying on the floor. Otherwise you'll have no clothes to wear if we don't do some laundry, right now!"

What a man hears: "Blah blah blah. C'mon, you and I, blah blah blah, on the floor, blah blah blah. Otherwise, blah blah blah, no clothes, blah blah blah, right now!"

And from the late, great funnyman Rodney Dangerfield: "My wife and I were happy for 20 years. Then we met."

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Tisha M.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

(continued from page 56) Most fans merely mumble a grateful "Thank you," happy just to receive an autographed DVD, poster or a personalized cell phone photo of themselves grinning awkwardly alongside their favorite fantasy in the flesh.

"My fans are generally well-mannered," Kayden observes. "It's because I work hard to have a bond with them. I'm constantly posting on my Facebook page, Twittering, e-mailing, blogging and updating my Web site [**ClubKayden.com**]. My fans are in my life."

Reaching out and almost touching someone is definitely part of why Kayden and her legion of fans have such a special rapport. But something else is going on. There's an incalculable amount of porn available, but lots of people shell out their hard-earned dollars for Kayden Kross's work. They also respect her and what she does because the lady has a unique, inimitable style. Sex for Kayden—even though it's still on camera for the entire world to see—is a personal, private act of real passion. And that's hot.

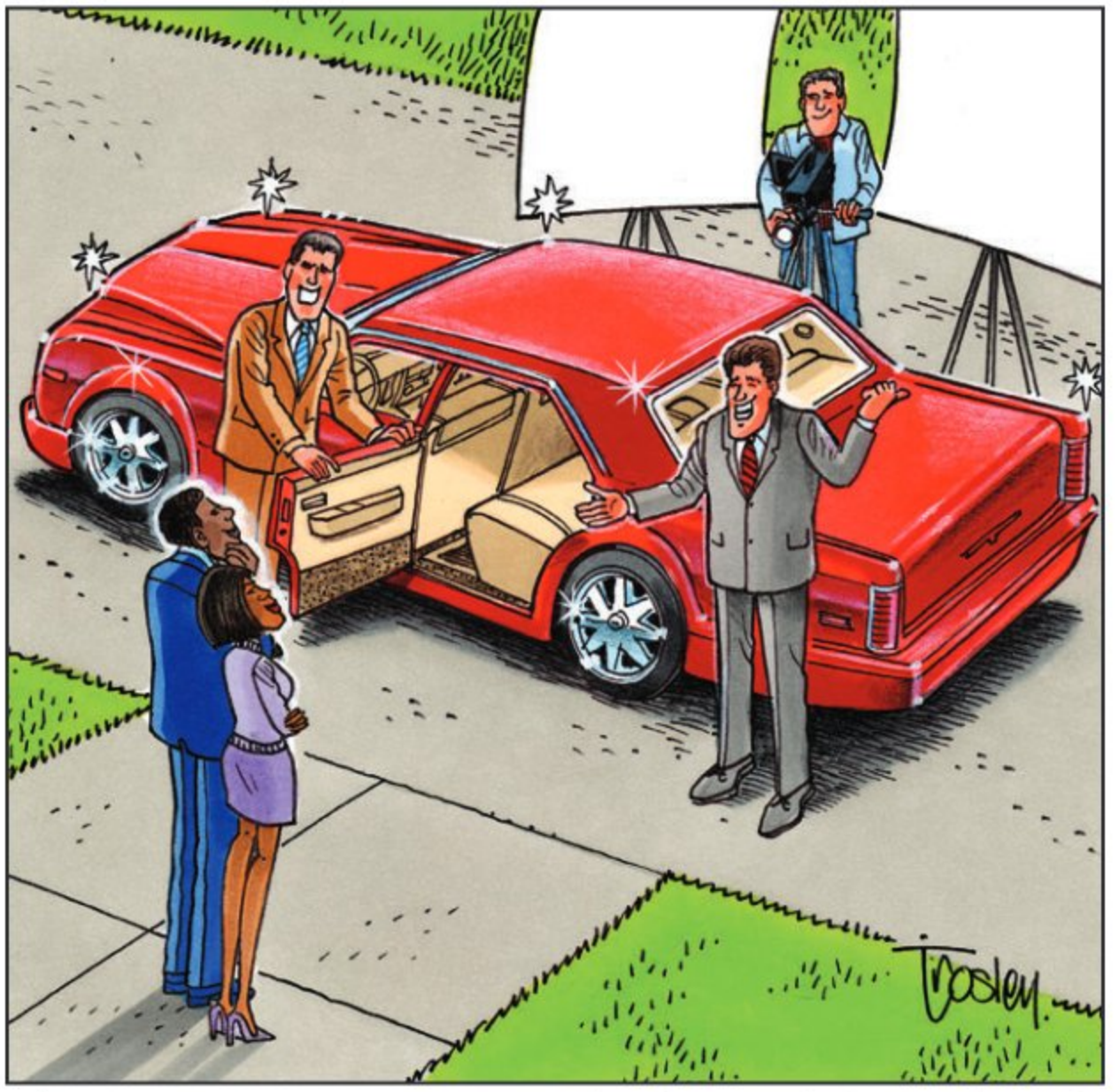
"I was always ahead of the curve when it came to sex," Kayden confides. "I was having anal sex at 13. I learned early what turned me on. And it wasn't talking dirty, but I *am* a screamer."

You won't find "Fuck me, baby, fuck my big, jiggly titties!" kind of dialogue in a Kayden Kross movie. "If it's not something I would really say in life," Kayden confesses demurely, "I won't say it in a film. Vocalization is what drives my orgasm. It all started with an old boyfriend who could give me these intense orgasms, like 20 sometimes. And then when I thought I was all done, I'd have another, which got me really screaming. He literally screwed it out of me."

Okay, maybe it's not as momentous an event in performance art as Lee Strassberg imparting "the Method" to Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift, but an acting tip is still an acting tip. The bottom-line reason Kayden became a porn superstar was not just because she's gorgeous—there's a lot of perfect 10s out there. It's because she was able to make a more genuine emotional connection with her fans than her competition.

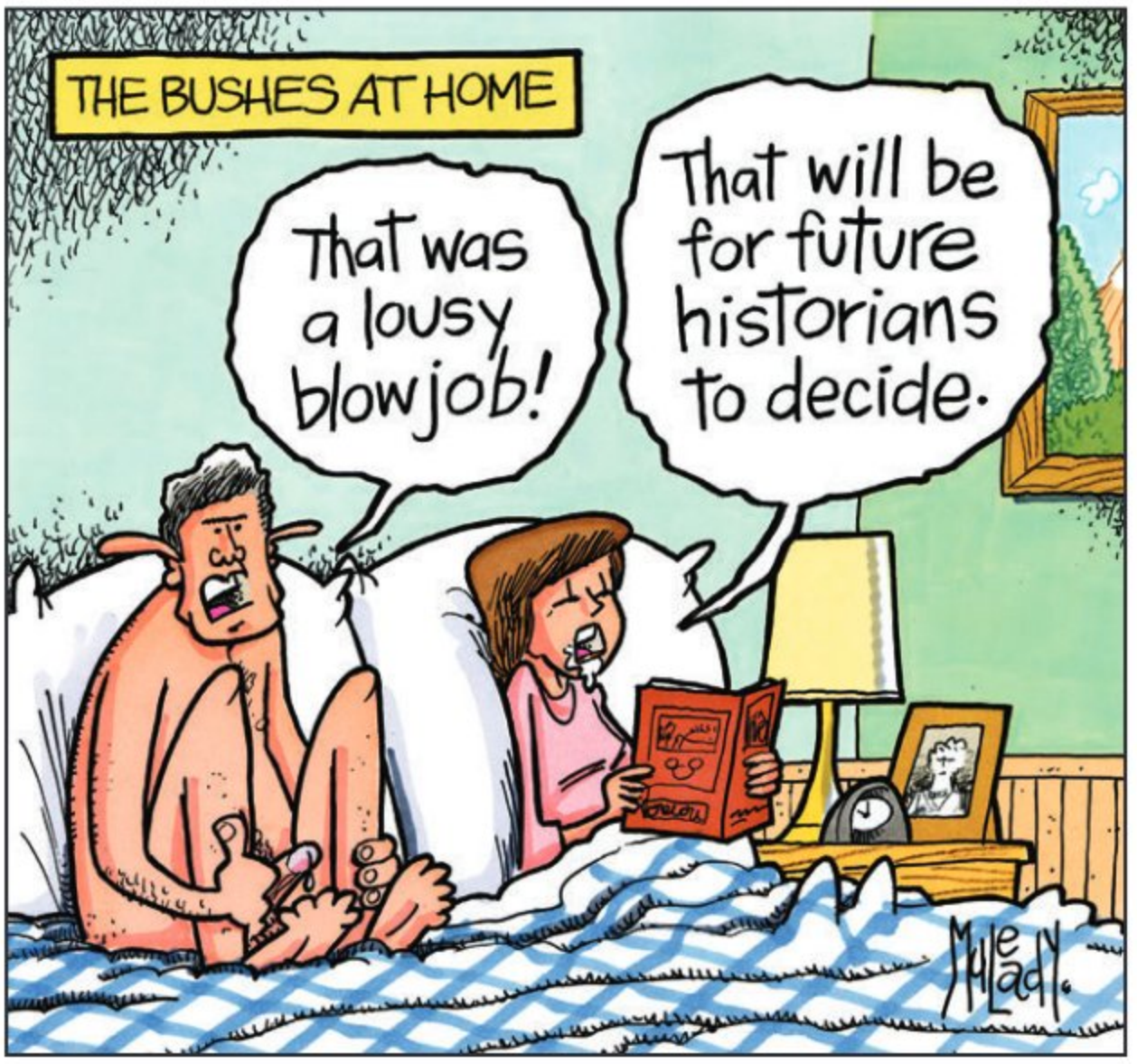
Nowhere is this mutual enjoyment society more apparent than when the uninhibited vixen hosts *The Kayden Kross Show*. The weekly, hour-long Webcam program is first offered live to members of Club Kayden before its wider, free distribution on the Net. By ponying up the monthly membership fee, fans not only get to view some lucky guy (or guys) banging the hell out of Kayden, but also get a chance to cyberchat with her one-on-one.

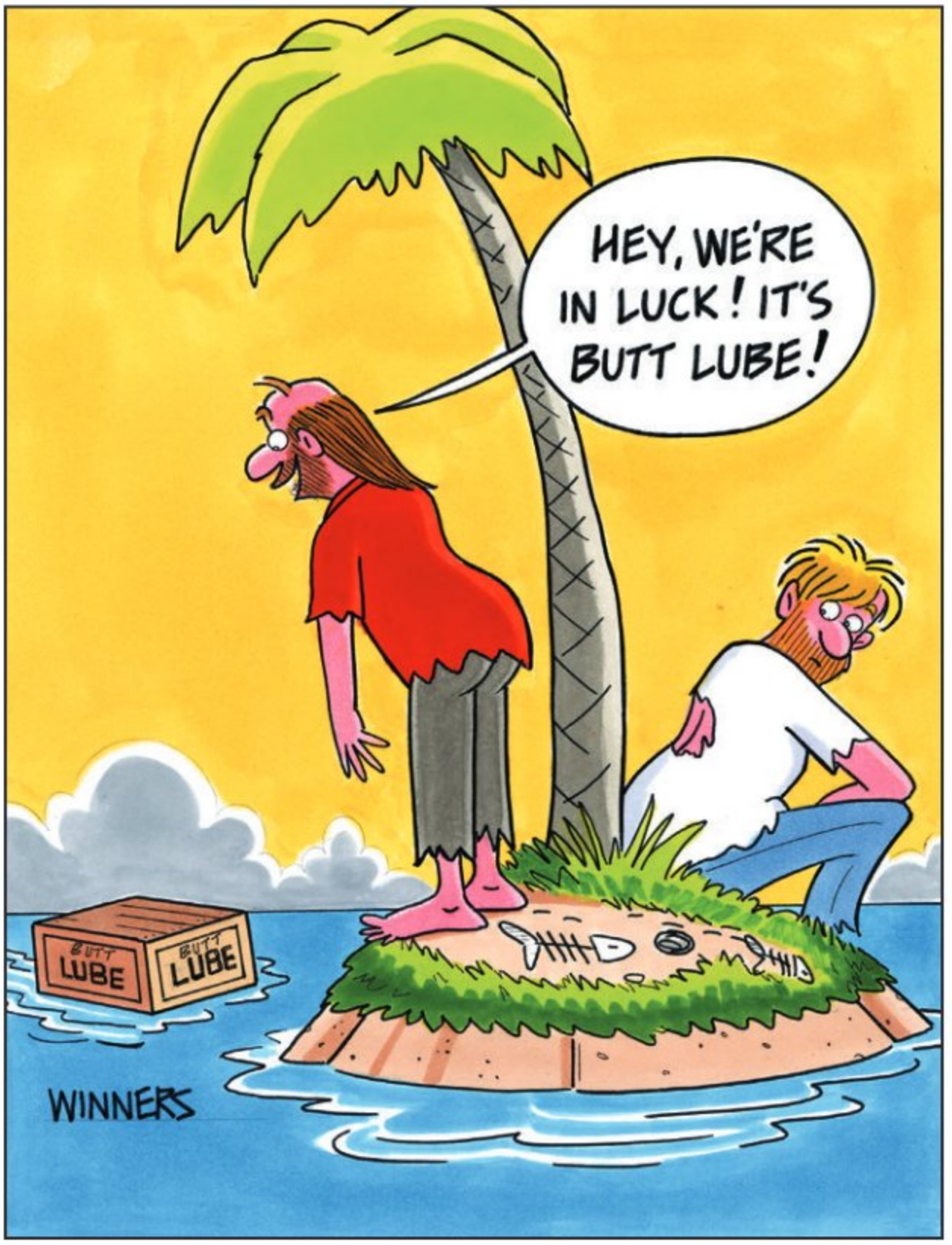
Despite a modest budget, Kayden and her producer and occasional sidekick—the masked, demented Rodeo Danger—strive to present a show that's not just erotic, *(continued on page 90)*



"Don't you see? You are so popular that we feel sure that if America sees you two 'doing it' in a new Chrysler, everyone will run out and buy a Chrysler. Problem solved!"

"Do you have the new issue of *Naked Choirboys*?"





(continued from page 89) but also absurd, funny and often downright weird. No wonder in these tough economic times a lot of people clearly feel that their recessionary dollars are better spent on Club Kayden than the stock market.

With Kayden's blessings, I'm witnessing a typical improvised hour of gonzo madness. As a cameraman videos the proceedings, Kayden reads the news topless, then discusses the state of the economy while she takes off her panties. She also plays with her boobs while answering questions from fans about her day, and—most importantly—the hottie sucks and fucks any friends who stop by to say hello.

Tonight's special guest is one of Kayden's regular costars, Erik Everhard, who initially seems a bit confused when she insists on performing fellatio on him while his penis is shoved between the legs of a giant stuffed animal. (Like I said, it's a pretty nutty hour.) In any event, Everhard is a pro, and once Kayden's expert mouth engulfs his erect member, he goes with the flow.

Eventually the props are cast aside, and a serious ass-slapping sex session ensues. As Everhard hits all the right spots, a gyrating, sweaty Kayden emits more than enough moaning noises to satisfy each and every one of her loyal viewers. In keeping with the playfully subversive spirit of things, Kayden's partner counts down his impending orgasm out loud to coincide with the last ten seconds of air time. Finally, as Everhard's cum splatters across Kayden's lovely face with the precision timing of a network newscast, the screen fades to black.

"Great show!" exclaims Rodeo Danger, pulling off a plastic smiley-face mask to reveal his own genuine grin. "Things went very well."

"Yeah, it was a great show," Kayden concurs, breathlessly glowing like a Rockette after a Radio City Christmas pageant. "I'm very happy with it."

This girl works hard for her money. Kayden gives 110% on camera, lets fans into her life most of her waking hours, never turns down magazine interviews and crisscrosses the country for strip club gigs and promotional appearances—whatever it takes to stay at the top of her game. And this stunning, sexy lady somehow also finds time to continue her education, experiment in other artistic endeavors and master Arabian horses.

If Kayden Kross would ever consider the drastic pay cut, I think she'd make a helluva Poet Laureate.

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. He also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.

BY SAINT JOHN HUNT

COUGARS UNLEASHED #10!

Mona Hunt

THIS MONTH: Mona Hunt / AGE: 48
LOCATION: Northern California
SEE HER AT: MonaHunt.com

This column is dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

The magic, the mystery of Mona—a flower in full bloom, a cougar on the prowl. Mona, a rare beauty, finely crafted and superbly tuned. She is a timeless goddess of love. You, who are reading this and gazing at her sensual images, are the first to do so. This is your gift: the first photographs of a rare and exotic creature. Here for the first time she unfolds her breathtaking eroticism.

Mona is a Virgo, born September 3, 1961, in San Francisco: the City of Love. Moving to Riverside, California, she spent her teen years as a tomboy who wouldn't turn down a dare and thus often found herself crossing over to the wrong side of the tracks. "That's where I had the most fun," Mona admits. "You know, doing things that 'good girls' only dreamed of doing."

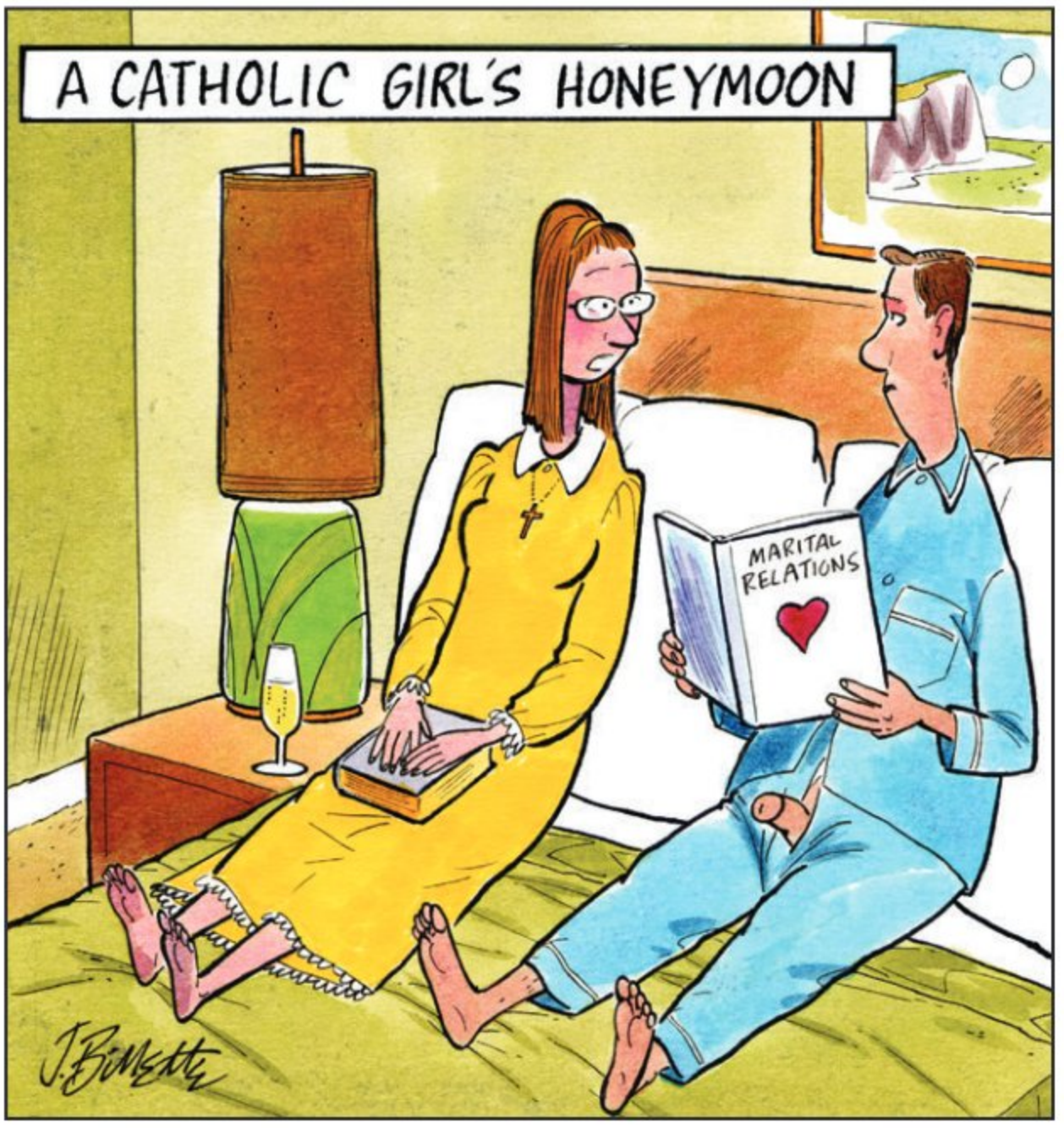
During her 20s, Mona was a diamond in the rough: beautiful but incomplete, a masterpiece in the making. She had not yet discovered her inner power. But now—vibrant and playful, unashamed of her sexuality—she lustfully shares her charms with you in a manner most intimate.

As a mature woman, Mona has the advantage of experience. "I want to show the world that the growl of a cougar can be more exciting than the purr of a pussycat!" she asserts. Knowing what men want, Mona is completely engaged in being the object of their desires and fantasies. Posing for these photographs and creating her Web site are just the beginning of an ongoing intimacy that you can be part of. Mona says, "I've never felt sexier and more proud of my body than I do now. I want to reach out to men through my Web site, MonaHunt.com, so I can get to know each and every one of them."

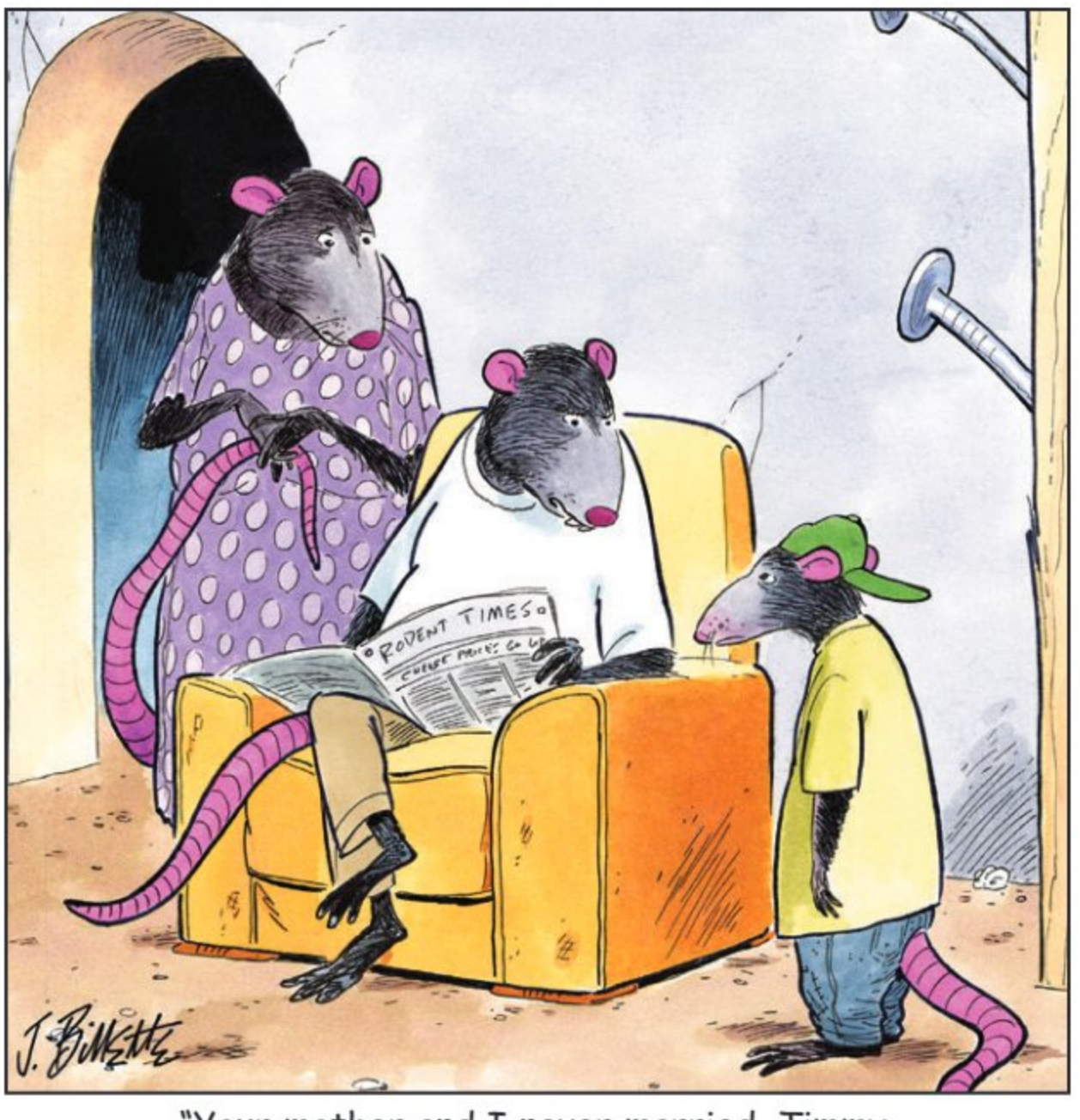
Saint John Hunt, 55, is the eldest son of notorious CIA spy and Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt. Besides photographing his cougar wife Mona, he plays in two rock bands and is working on his second book. Visit him at SaintJohnHunt.com.

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

PHOTOS BY SAINT JOHN HUNT



"Put it in my mouth?! Michael, you're joking, right?!"



"Your mother and I never married, Timmy. So, yes, you are a rat bastard."

(continued from page 74) right on her face. Then the phone rings, and it's another slut who needs me. Man, the sex never ends!" But since this post was signed "John Holmes," I suspected a leg pull.

Another discussion board offered some confessions that told a different story than the AM brain trust's. "Lori" wrote: "I worked as a host for AM for a year, and I can tell you the majority of the women on there are hosts, and it's their job to lead men on to spend credits. Each host also has anywhere between 7-15 different profiles that they must rotate through every hour, giving the impression of many attractive women available on the site. When I worked there, the company employed about 15 hosts at any given time. You can always tell who a host is by asking to meet outside the site on any terms (phone, MSN, IRL [in real life], etc.). A host will always refuse/make up some excuse and will never go on MSN or e-mail."

Really. Planted news items, bogus pickets, lawsuits, subscribers in furry bunny costumes who apparently don't know if they're Asian and now…ah.

One more thing kept me from responding: not just a willingness to retain my current relationship, but the knowledge I had not earned anything. Call me old-fashioned and half male, but I need to feel a challenge. I need to feel, period. Here I was, inundated with lucrative propositions, but with my intuition screaming at me: "Something's not right!" I tried. I had been the loudest cheerleader of all for open relationships and steamy affairs, but something happened. That damned word again: *connect.*

I suddenly missed Elissa Buchter, wanting nothing more than to get her on the horn and enjoy our previous camaraderie. She made me laugh, as opposed to the plethora of men and women trying to diddle my skittle via Ashley Madison. It had been a few days, so I called Elissa, only to find out the publicist was no longer employed by AM. Great. The one true connection I felt had vanished. Months later the company hired her back. Go figure.

I worried I might need to suffer through a real date with one of my AM admirers to fully appreciate the Web site. I was wrong. A non-Asian, non-male colleague was also an AM customer, and she found me at the coffee shop where I did most of my research. So while I never scored anonymous nookie, I did get to have lunch with a true friend. That was worth more than all the sex AM promised and probably never would have delivered.

Rhonda Baughman of Canton, Ohio, is a college administrator, actress, MySpace blogger and owner of RK Media & Publications. The author of *Quietly, But With Force: A Short Story Anthology* and *My Transvestite: A Novella of Love and Death, Pornography and Revolution* is "hard at work" finishing a novel tentatively titled *You'll Never Be This Pretty Again.*

Scott Ian

ANTHRAX
Worship Metal

Rob Caggiano

Thrash rockers Anthrax have been bringing the noise since 1981. Guitarists Scott Ian (the group's last original member) and Rob Caggiano came by HUSTLER recently to discuss Anthrax's remarkable longevity, the "lead singer curse" and their new CD, *Worship Music*.

HUSTLER: Anthrax has had more lead singers than Spinal Tap has had drummers. Is there a "lead singer curse"?

SCOTT IAN: No. Someone once asked me, "Are you guys just really hard to work with?" Maybe we are. It was never a problem with John Bush. When we made a decision to go and do the reunion tour [with Joey Belladonna], it was motivated by business at the time. We needed to do it to get out of our deal at Sanctuary. If it weren't for that, John Bush—for all intents and purposes—would have still been in the band. But it is what it is, and we've all moved forward. We've got Dan [Nelson] now, and everybody is happy.

ROB CAGGIANO: There might be a curse. Certain things are unavoidable in order to keep the machine moving.

Is metal back?

ROB: Metal is back! I think it's because the world is so fucked up. There is a lot of anger and things to be pissed off about. That's the essence of heavy metal—rebelling against the bullshit.

Did the 2001 anthrax scare prompt you to consider changing the band's name?

SCOTT: No. That was a weird situation, but obviously we had nothing to do with it. We share our name with this biological agent that they create from it. For all those years nobody even knew what Anthrax meant. People thought we had made that name up. It wasn't until people started throwing anthrax at each other to kill each other with [that] this became an issue. It was the first time we realized that we had only been leasing the name all those years.

I made a joke on our Web site at the time that we were changing our name to Basket Full of Puppies, and CNN reported it as truth. We thought it was scary because I made a joke and said it was a joke, and they reported it as fact. Makes you wonder how much of what they report is that wrong.

Tell us about your new CD, *Worship Music*.

SCOTT: Technology has given us the ability to work and work and work. This record is so under-the-microscope for us. It's been six years, and we have a new singer. So there is no reason for it not to be 100 percent.

ROB: My attitude is the same every time. Make the record as good as it can be. It has to be the best it could be no matter what

Do you have any good groupie stories?

SCOTT: There was once a girl who wanted our bass player Frankie [Bello]. She showed up at every show in Australia and was sending Frankie flowers and presents. She was booked into every hotel we stayed in. It was weird. She was always around. Then we get to the next leg of the tour in Japan, and this girl is there. Our Japanese promoter told us that the police were called by the Australian authorities. She ran away from home and came to Japan, and now her parents called the cops saying we had kidnapped her. She told her family that she had run away with the bass player from Anthrax because she was in love with him. She was insane.

No one had ever done anything with her, including Frankie. It's just kind of fucked up and scary how that shit can happen. The police came and got her in Japan.

ROB: We played a show in Philly, and this crazy girl came over and put me in a bear hug. She was bigger than me. I could not get out of this fucking thing no matter how hard I tried. Our tour manager had to come over and pry her off. As we drove away from the venue, she was outside the bus banging on it.

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

The Dirty Dozen

TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED

HEAVEN & HELL
The Devil You Know
Ronnie James Dio, Tommy Iommi, Geezer Butler and Vinny Appice were originally united as the "Heaven & Hell Era" Black Sabbath. Now, as just Heaven & Hell, they return with their first studio CD in 17 years. *The Devil You Know* is packed with heavy metal gold. Somewhere Satan is smiling.

THE BLACK CROWES
Warpaint Live
The Crowes fly high again. This two-disc live set features the brothers Robinson and company in top form as the band rips through extended jams from their latest CD and some classic Crowes, including "Bad Luck Blue Eyes Goodbye."

DINOSAUR JR.
Farm
Like a classic three-headed movie monster, Dino Jr. has crawled out of the sludge and back into the light. The original lineup of J Mascis, Lou Barlow and Murph rock this Marshall-heavy, hook-filled disc. Highlights: "I Don't Wanna Go There" and "Over It."

THE LAST VEGAS
Whatever Gets You Off
The new Last Vegas CD is a down-and-dirty slice of Sunset Strip sleaze. No wonder Mötley Crüe picked them as an opening act. Part rock, part glam, part garage and all rawk! *Whatever Gets You Off* will get you off.

DJ HELL
The Angst
The trance dance DJ extraordinaire knows a thing or two about getting women to shake their asses. This CD is so packed with tight grooves, it'll make everybody move. Now if only those chicks on the cover would stop teasing us and make out already.

ASHLEY TISDALE
Guilty Pleasure
We have to admit that Ashley Tisdale is our guilty pleasure. Not only is the onetime Disney Channel favorite smokin' (relax, lawyers, the *High School Musical* star is in her 20s), but she also can outsing the best of them. (Sorry, Britney.) Breaking away from her perceived innocence, Tisdale has laced *Guilty Pleasure* with edgy tunes that hit the mark. *(continued on page 94)*

Papa Roach

Attack of the Pink Bat

In celebration of their tenth anniversary the members of northern California's Papa Roach (singer Jacoby Shaddix, guitarist Jerry Horton, bassist Tobin Esperance and new drummer Tony Palermo) stopped by HUSTLER. They discussed the secrets to longevity, life on the road with Mötley Crüe and a groupie named Pink Bat.

HUSTLER: What was the highlight when you guys played Crüe Fest?

JACOBY SHADDIX: Sharing the stage with Mötley Crüe was killer. That's a band we all grew up listening to and enjoyed. We totally looked up to those guys. I got to go up and sing with them every night when they did "Saints of Los Angeles," which was fun. Hanging out with Tommy Lee in his "Undressing Room" was also cool.

TONY PALERMO: Halfway through the tour somebody said, "Hey, Tommy, it's the *Un*-dressing Room; you got to make the girls take their tops off."

JACOBY: I walked in there one night, and there were all these bitches with their tops off. The ugliest chick in the fucking room ran up and threw her arms around me. She had saggy tits hanging down. I thought, *Why did you have to hug me?* That sucked. I left soon thereafter because the ugliest chick wanted to hang with me.

Tommy Lee told us that in order to get into his afterparty you either had to be topless or bottomless. Which did you do?

JACOBY: I rolled in with no pants, bro. Come on! Shit!

TONY: I rocked a hairy chest.

JACOBY: I got the VIP lead singer pass and rolled in there fully clothed. The bands didn't have to abide by the rules.

What did you learn from Mötley Crüe?

JACOBY: I just wanna learn how to be friends with my band for the rest of our career.

JERRY HORTON: Stay friends.

JACOBY: Stay friends. It was awesome to share the stage with those guys. They fucking ripped it, and their production was in-fucking-sane. I've been to shows like that before, but after going on tour with them and seeing that, I thought, *I want that!* I want to have that history, and I wanna have crazy-ill production.

Who inspired your new song "Hollywood Whore"?

JACOBY: That song is an amalgamation of all of the above, from Anna Nicole Smith to Paris Hilton to Britney Spears. All those kind of whack-icon chicks. It represents materialism. I've never been a fan of the red carpet Hollywood folk.

Who is the biggest whore in Hollywood?

TOBIN ESPERANCE: Paris has a lot of videos floating around.

JACOBY: Dude, she's kind of lame!

TONY: I think she's the biggest false icon.

JACOBY: Maybe if I got to know those people, they would be really nice people. It's maybe not necessarily them as the person. It's the whole, like, worship of the celebrity culture that's fucked-up and false.

Got any awesome groupie stories?

TOBIN: (*Addresses Jacoby.*) What about Pink Bat?

JACOBY: Oh, yeah, Pink Bat! Back in the day my friend was tour manager for the opening band. He said, "Bro, you gotta come backstage and check this out!" We were like, "All right." We rolled backstage, and this chick was laid out in this nasty, dirty-ass dressing room. This chick was laying out there with this dude eating her pussy. She had her pussy spread open, and her lips were spread open to the wingspan of a bat. My friend was like, "Dude, look at it! It looks like a fucking pink bat!" We all cracked up. Later that night, when we saw her leaving, everybody was like, "See you later, Pink Bat!"

Months later we were doing an autograph session after one of our shows and this girl came up with a poster. As I'm signing it, she said, "Remember who I am?" I'm like, "Um, no." Then she said, "I'm the Pink Bat!" She carried that with her. Somebody dubbed her the Pink Bat and she was stoked.

Papa Roach's new CD, *Metamorphosis*, is on sale now.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

MINISTRY

Adios...Puta Madres

It's so hard to say goodbye. Hence another farewell release from Al Jourgensen and company. This double-disc live set (CD and DVD) from Ministry's parting tour offers 15 tracks, backstage bits and a 45-minute documentary that follows the band from rehearsals to their final European gigs.

IGGY POP

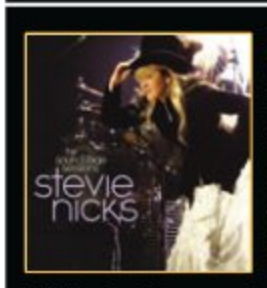
Préliminaires

The punk pioneer has never been afraid to take chances. But Iggy Pop's latest CD—a collection of jazzy tunes inspired by a French author—may be *too* risky. He even sings in French. This disc is really only for the most hard-core of Iggy fans.

RANCID

Let the Dominoes Fall

It's been six long years since the modern voice of punk rock released an album. The raucous blend of sonic sound and punk ska has been missed. Rancid's latest CD is as vibrant and powerful as anything they—or their predecessors, the Clash—have ever done.



STEVIE NICKS

The Soundstage Sessions

Over the years, it has been rumored that the Fleetwood Mac vocalist is a witch. We don't know that, but we know that Nicks's live performances (also available on DVD) are bewitching. *The Soundstage Sessions* features the slimmed-down songbird taking on some of FM's catalog, as well as her own solo hits.

MATTHEW SWEET & SUSANNA HOFFS

Under the Covers: Vol. 2

The true "King of Pop" and his gorgeous queen Susanna Hoffs (of the Bangles) reteam for another slice of cover band heaven. This time they reprise songs of such '70s luminaries as the Raspberries, Yes and Todd Rundgren—with awesome results.

THE CRYSTAL METHOD

Divided by Night

The electro funk fiends Crystal Method drop a dance rock classic with this new CD, which includes a version of "Block Rocking Beats" that's as dopey as anything Chemical Brothers have ever done.

LORDI

Finland's answer to KISS and Gwar ripped through HUSTLER headquarters recently. During their "killing spree" we managed to ask frontman Mr. Lordi and his sidekicks a few questions.

HUSTLER: How would you describe your music?

MR. LORDI: It's melodic '80s-oriented pop rock or '80s heavy metal or heavy rock.

But not death metal?

MR. LORDI: I wouldn't call it metal. In today's terms we are not metal. We are more melodic than what metal is considered to be today. If we have to be considered some sort of metal, we are melodic '80s metal.

How hot does it get inside your gharish costumes?

KITA: Really hot—hotter than hell.

What do you wear when you aren't performing?

AMEN: Basically we are naked all the time. You have to find a balance.

Who would win in a street fight, you guys or Slipknot?

AMEN: We would.

AWA: Us.

MR. LORDI: Because we are heavier, definitely.

Is it safe to assume your musical influences are KISS and Alice Cooper?

MR. LORDI: There you go. Keep going.

OX: Plus Mötley Crüe and Twisted Sister. We are huge fans of all the L.A. bands in the '80s that came from the Sunset Strip. We love those bands.

Why did you choose to wear monster costumes onstage?

MR. LORDI: First there was the music, and then a couple of years later I came up with the whole idea of the makeup and stuff. I used to earn my living as a makeup artist. We are big fans of monster films. The original idea was to have those cool movie monsters like Freddy Krueger and Leatherface playing music like KISS. That was the combination we were going for—an extreme version of our own ideals.

Awa, how hard is it to be the only woman in a band of monsters?

AWA: I love it. I don't mind being with these handsome guys.

Does Lordi have groupies and, if so, what are they like?

MR. LORDI: Yes, and they are scary.

Have any of you ever had sex with a groupie while still in costume?

AMEN: Of course. Every day. (*Laughs.*)

Lordi's new CD, *Deadache*, is in stores now.

MONSTERS OF ROCK

Lordi (left to right): Ox (bass), Awa (keyboards), Mr. Lordi (lead vocals), Amen (guitar) and Kita (drums).

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

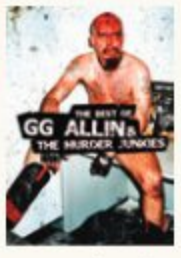
DVD DISTRACTIONS

THE CURE

***Trilogy* (Blu-ray Disc)**

For the fist time on Blu-ray, the master of mope, Robert Smith, and his merry band of gothsters rip through three concerts, each spotlighting one of the band's landmark albums. *Disintegration*, *Bloodflowers* and *Pornography* (our favorite) are all here in their entirety.

THE BEST OF GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES



Never easy to watch but always compelling, the late GG Allin was one of a kind. This DVD features a collection of twisted live performances and disturbing moments from the blood-, piss- and shit-soaked, hard-core life of the king of the scumfucks.

CORALINE

Make no mistake, this is not a kids film, unless you hate your kids and want to give them nightmares. *Coraline* is stylish, astounding and nothing short of brilliant. Then again, we wouldn't expect anything less from Henry Selick, the director of *The Nightmare Before Christmas*.

FRIDAY THE 13TH

***The Final Chapter, Part V & Part VI* (Deluxe Editions)**

Everyone's favorite hockey mask-wearing killer, Jason Voorhees, is back and badder than ever. The later films in the madman's career get the deluxe edition makeover with a ton of blood-soaked bonus features.

TRUE BLOOD

The Complete First Season

HBO's outstanding vampire series is the most thrilling and sexy fare on television. If you missed it, here's your chance to catch up on the goings-on between a Louisiana barmaid who can read minds and her vampire lover. Need another reason to check it out? How about the all-grown-up Anna Paquin? Seriously hot.

UNDERWORLD: RISE OF THE LYCANS

This prequel with no equal charts the origins of the centuries-old blood feud between the aristocratic vampires known as Death Dealers and their onetime slaves, the Lycans. Sonja (played by Rhona Mitra) slices and dices a myriad of enemies—including werewolves and a cruel vampire king—in this nonstop, action-packed thrill ride.

MOVIE Mammaries

JESSICA BIEL'S HOT BODY OF WORK

Jessica Biel first came to the public's attention while playing Mary Camden, the eldest daughter on the TV drama *7th Heaven*. Then she really grew up. In the middle of that show's decade-long run, Biel was so eager to jettison her good-girl image, she decided to do a racy photo-shoot for *Maxim* magazine. (Why not HUSTLER? We have no idea.) The stunt worked, and *7th Heaven*'s producers released Biel from her contract, allowing the budding piece of ass to pursue more creative (and scantily clad) ventures.

First up was Aerosmith's "Fly Away From Here" (2001) music video, in which Jessica pranced around wearing an assortment of bikinis (including one made of leather). *The Rules of Attraction* (2002) may not feature any Biel nudity, but the sandy blonde rules the screen as a drunk college girl dancing in a stuffed lacy bra.

There's something sexy about a hot chick screaming for her life. That's why the bloody remake of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (2003), highlighted by Biel's bouncing boobs, is worth a look. She spends the bulk of this movie running scared in a tank top sans bra. The true star of this frightfest is Jessica's nipples.

Biel's next flesh-filled opus, *London* (2005), was a bit of a disappointment. Sure, you got to see her tight body in nothing more than a black bra and matching panties, but it turns out the fantastic ass bared in the film actually belonged to a body double.

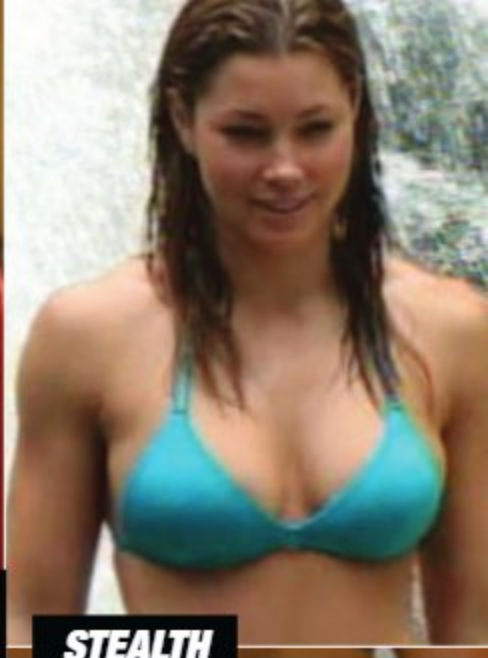
But Biel quickly made up for that fake-fanny fake out with *Stealth* (2005), portraying a fighter pilot opposite **Jamie Foxx**. We suggest you skip the movie altogether and go straight to the DVD's special features, where you'll find the gorgeous thespian tucked into the most heavenly blue bikini ever captured on film. Read our lips (and hers): You need to see this thing!

Biel followed that with *Next* (2007), giving viewers a hint of exposed areola during a bedroom tryst. Need even more? Rent the screwball comedy *I Now Pronounce You Chuck & Larry* (2007). Here the babe strips down to tiny panties and a bra to convince **Adam Sandler**'s character that he can't possibly be gay. If anyone can turn a gay guy straight, it would be the lovely Miss Biel.

The above films are all worth checking out, but they pale in comparison to her most recent offering, *Powder Blue* (2009). This one is a must-see because Jessica finally lets her true talents shine. We are, of course, referring to her incredible jugs. It's nice to see a Hollywood star who actually takes off all her clothes while playing a stripper. We hope that this is just a small taste of things to come. Please, Jessica, don't make us beg. You know we will.

Remember, HUSTLER continually delivers the best in big-name skin from cinema and the boob tube. If there's an actress you'd like to see in the buff (or damn close to it), let us know by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU CHUCK & LARRY



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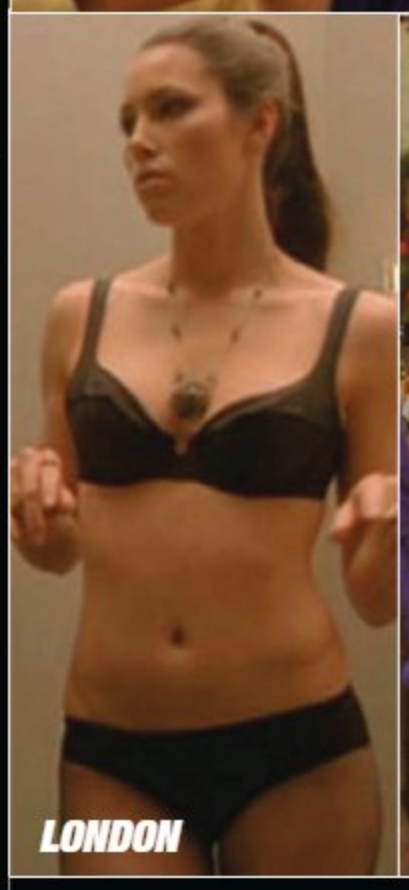

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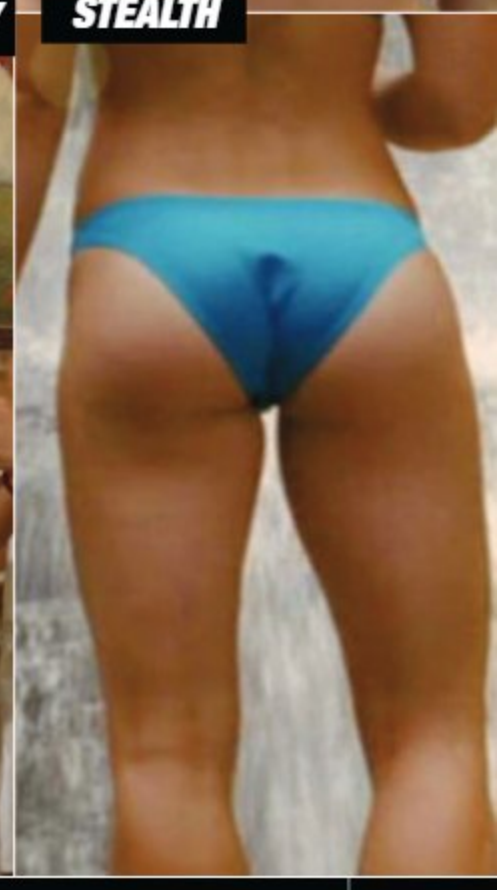


Now Available on DVD!

POWDER BLUE

THIS AIN'T
Hell's

Kitchen XXX

PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Here's a behind-the-scenes look at the latest HUSTLER Video parody. The hard-core spoof of the Fox TV reality show *Hell's Kitchen* features Marcus London as Jordan Rams'em, an angry chef who bears an uncanny resemblance to his mainstream counterpart, Gordon Ramsey.

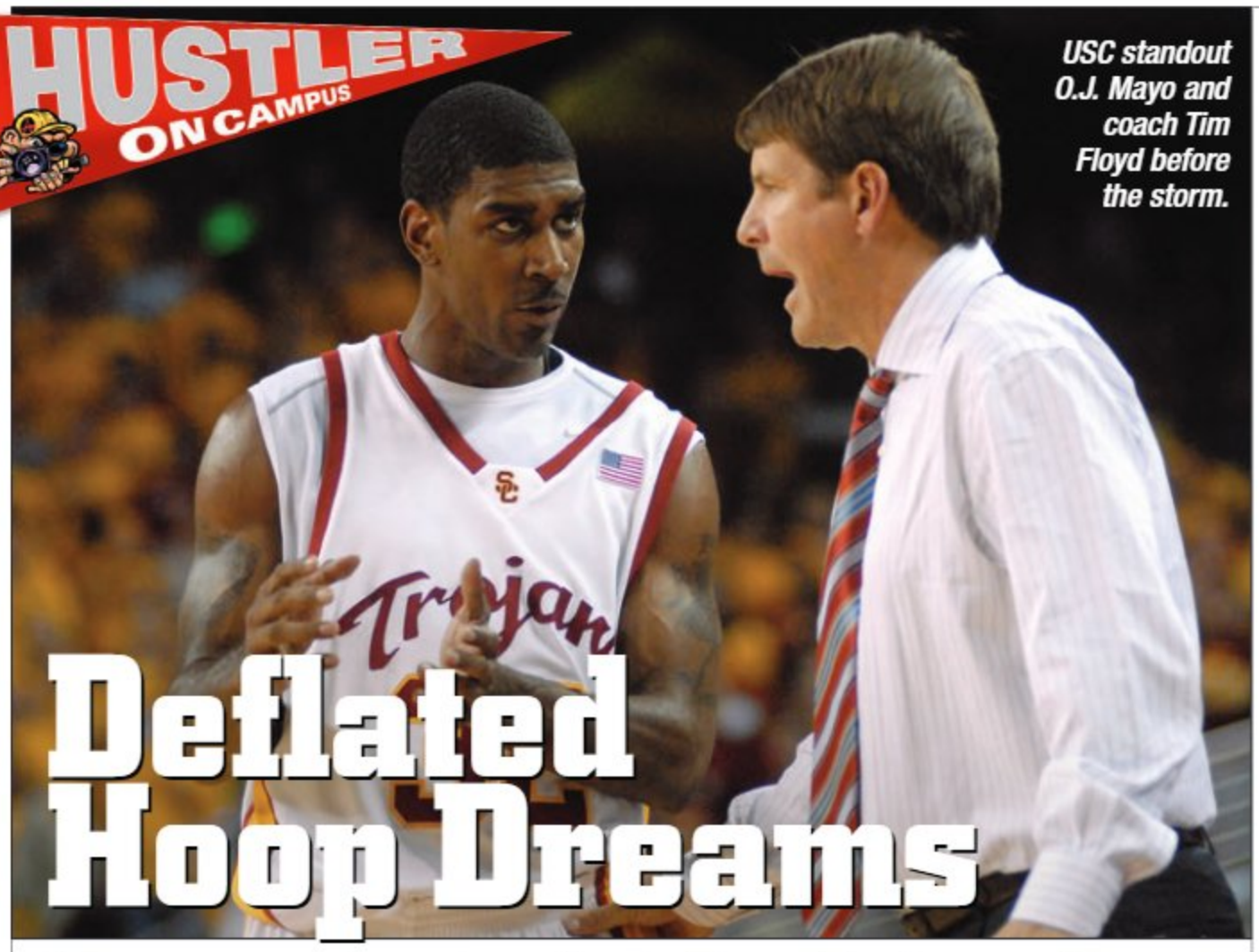
This Ain't Hell's Kitchen XXX really gets cooking with help from spicy actresses **Missy Stone**, **Kagney Linn Karter**, **Kylee Reese** and **Veronica Rayne**. Eager to impress the celebrity chef, these lascivious ladies are willing to do whatever it takes to come out on top.

Remember, if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen. If not, you may end up getting fucked!

This Ain't Hell's Kitchen XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

BY JOSH JOVANELLY

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS



USC standout O.J. Mayo and coach Tim Floyd before the storm.

Deflated Hoop Dreams

The coach who led the **University of Southern California**'s basketball program to new heights abruptly falls from grace.

In March 2009 the historically inept USC basketball program was finally making a name for itself. Despite a last-minute loss to traditional powerhouse Michigan State, the players had nothing to hang their heads about. An improbable run through the Pac-10 Conference tournament had put the Trojans into the NCAA tourney field for an unprecedented third consecutive season.

Plus, there were no seniors on the roster, and a slew of top-tier high school recruits would be arriving in the fall. All the pieces to make USC basketball a perennial contender were in place.

However, by June the house that coach Tim Floyd started building in 2005 was crumbling. High-scoring underclassmen DeMar DeRozan, Daniel Hackett and Taj Gibson declared they were opting to enter the NBA draft. Then a bigger shocker: allegations that Floyd had personally given a handler of O.J. Mayo $1,000 to steer the sought-after phenom to USC in 2007. Recruits started dropping right and left.

On June 9, Floyd announced his resignation to his hometown paper in Mississippi. The allegations against Floyd are now another aspect of the NCAA's yearlong investigation of Mayo, who allegedly accepted cash and benefits from a sports agent before turning pro after his freshman season. Although it doesn't involve Floyd, the NCAA is also looking into football star Reggie Bush's alleged receipt of improper benefits while attending USC.

With the basketball program ascending toward national prominence, student supporters' emotions ranged from disappointment to anger. "The whole thing sucks," said Christian Edwards, a junior majoring in public relations. "The thing that sucks the most is the fall from where USC basketball was at the end of the [NCAA] tourney."

And what a fall it's been. As Kevin O'Neill assumes the coaching reins, and as the prospect of NCAA sanctions loom, the Trojans will have only nine scholarship players—and just two with significant experience.

"The [basketball] team sucks now," said Sammy Goldenberg, a junior majoring in history. "I think a lot of students feel like me."

"I'll go to basketball games," Edwards said, "but I don't expect us to go very far."

Many students took aim at Floyd, whose resurrection of the basketball program had him rivaling the school's football coach—the nearly revered Pete Carroll—for admiration. "When I first heard about it," said junior Marshall Kelner, a communications major, "I was upset and kind of surprised because I really admired what Floyd had done for the program."

"The problem here is Floyd's character," Goldenberg added. "I don't like the way that he left. He put his resignation letter in his local paper before he told the athletic department. I'm sure they wanted him gone anyway, but the way he did it didn't show a lot of class."

"I think some of the blame goes to O.J. Mayo," said Kate Mather, a junior majoring in print journalism, "because regardless, O.J. benefited from it, and I guess Floyd didn't really intend for it to happen. Saddest about all of this is that Floyd did whatever he did to bring Mayo to his school…but the method he allegedly used to do it could ultimately cost him his career."

Meanwhile, students didn't want to let the university's administrators off the hook either. "USC didn't do a very good job of coming out and making a statement about where they stood," Edwards said. "It was a bunch of no-comments."

"One of the most disappointing things about the whole situation is the fact that the university remained so tight-lipped about it, which caused even more speculation amongst fans and students," Mather said.

"I was mad at [Athletic Director] Mike Garrett during this process," Kelner said. "He kind of threw [Floyd] under the bus, and he just was silent through the whole investigation. That's not what an athletic director should be doing; he should stand by his coach."

As Troy waits for this chapter to pass, no one wants the basketball program to hit the skids. But if forced to choose between hoops and football, well, most students don't want anything to jeopardize their Saturdays in the Coliseum.

"I don't see the Reggie Bush thing going anywhere," Goldenberg said. "In terms of forfeiting wins or Rose Bowls or whatever, we have enough of those."

And forfeiting the football team's national championships? "We have enough of those too," he replied.

Unfortunately, USC has yet to win a national title in men's basketball, and the Floyd-Mayo scandal doesn't bode well for its future.

Josh Jovanelly, a junior majoring in print journalism, writes about sports for the *Daily Trojan*, USC's student newspaper.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 131 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

Roxy Reynolds: Ohio State University

When 25-year-old Roxy Reynolds isn't hard at work completing her major in Spanish (with a minor in criminology), OSU's most famous coed moonlights as a porn star. "I didn't think I would become as big as I am now," explains Roxy, who decided to give nude modeling a try in California during the summer break after her sophomore year. That led to lucrative bookings at gentlemen's clubs, then work in XXX films. "I thought I'd save my money, get out and finish school by now."

Once news about what she'd been up to in the summer of 2005 spread across campus, college life for Roxy became uneasy. On her first day in Chinese History a classmate passed the porn newbie a note asking if she was Roxy Reynolds. "I laughed," she recalls, "and said yeah. He was like, 'I love you! You're great!' I was like, 'Good, 'cause I missed two days of class; can I get your notes?'"

However, not all of her experiences with fellow Buckeyes were positive. Before long, students began bringing DVDs to class for Roxy to sign. Naturally shy, the curvy Capricorn eventually became annoyed at the constant pestering, stares and whispers. "Everybody had their own opinion," Roxy fumes. "It kinda made me mad a little bit with the amount of people talking about me all the time. But while they're doing work study [to pay for college], I'm flying to California, getting thousands of dollars."

Juggling a white-hot adult-entertainment career with her studies has necessitated some adjustments. "I travel a lot," Roxy explains, "so I don't have time to go on campus like the regular students do." Instead, she's slowly completing her degree requirements online, except for midterm and final exams, which must be taken at OSU. "I'm trying to finish up, but it's hard to balance school and work."

Mad props to ravishing Roxy Reynolds for being smart and talented. She not only found an extracurricular activity that is paying for her education, but also providing strokers nationwide a steady stream of damn fine titillation.

PHOTOS COURTESY JULES JORDAN VIDEO

"What am I doing? I'm saving 15% on our car insurance!"

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Finally! Hottest **Cosby** Denise (Misty Stone) ditches virginity.*

Not the Cosbys XXX

X-PLAY/LFP VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: MISTY STONE, MONICA FOSTER, CASSIDY CLAY, MELODY NAKAI, NINA DEVON, JENNY HENDRIX, SARAH VANDELLA, TORI BLACK, JAELYN FOX, LANA VIOLET, DICK JAMES, JAY ASHLEY, TYLER KNIGHT, DANNY MOUNTAIN, TEE REEL, SCOTT LYONS & THOMAS WARD.

Was there ever a sitcom as family-safe, squeaky-clean and well-intentioned as *The Cosby Show*? Not likely, which makes this semen-drenched take-off sheer sacrilege to *Cosby Show* fans. No doubt they're buying it in droves to get off on their outrage! Comedian Thomas Ward's uncanny impersonation of Cosby gets all the laughs, but when it comes to the X factor, honey-colored Misty Stone as flaky, free-spirited Denise is clearly the star. Denise is so naive, she can't even say the word *sperm*, but that doesn't stop her from craving it. Eager to lose her virginity once she gets to college, Denise grabs the first white dude she sees and shows him that even bourgeois black chicks can fuck like sex-starved banshees. In the spirit of "like mother, like daughter," we're treated to a flashback of Claire—played by lanky tootsie roll Monica Foster—indulging her own jonesin' for white meat. Cute Melody Nakai as Denise's horny sis also deserves a dicks-up, along with a "slumber party" scene full of white twat to keep the interracial quotient high. *Not the Cosbys XXX* is a not-too-raunchy, whack-worthy instant classic. Somewhere, the Coz is either fuming or secretly trying to score a copy. ***—M.J.***

*Claire (Monica Foster) relives her **XXX** days.*

*Vanessa (Melody Nakai) perfects her **Not** good-girl image.*

*Theo (Tyler Knight) gives Tori Black the **Cosby** treatment.*

"Give a Great Blowjob and Bang the Director!"

Interview by Craig Modderno

NOT THE COSBYS XXX DIRECTOR WILL RYDER GIVES US THE INSIDE DOPE ON TODAY'S HARD-CORE RAT RACE.

X-Play partners Scott David (left) and Jeff Mullen a/k/a Will Ryder (right) flank their **Not the Cosbys XXX** cast.

Producing cohorts Scott David and Jeff Mullen—who directs as Will Ryder—have launched a megatrend: the porn spoof "sitcum." After *Not the Bradys XXX* shot to top of the charts in 2007, the duo has been adding three X's to one classic sitcom after another, including *Bewitched*, *Three's Company*, *Married With Children* and, most scandalously, *The Cosby Show*. Interviewed by reporter Craig Modderno, Ryder talked about the good, the bad and the ugly of our favorite industry.

HUSTLER: A porn version of *The Cosby Show*? How dare you!

WILL RYDER: It's getting a lot of chatter because it's controversial, but this movie needed to be made. People want to know what Denise looks like naked! Besides, the Brady Bunch was just as clean as the Huxtables. The important thing is we never mock the subjects we spoof. We're fans of the original shows, so we honor them, then strip them naked and let them fuck.

Misty Stone as Denise

Is this a good time to be making porn films?

No, it's a horrible time. The porn business is dying a fast death because of free porn. Everybody thought free porn was like finding buried treasure. It's not; it's poison. People think they can jump into porn with no experience and make money because they see us doing well. The reality is most of the companies out there will be out of business in a few years. We just shot our most expensive movie ever, *Flight Attendants*, so we are either very smart or extremely slow learners.

Will Ryder directs a **Cosbys** run-through.

Ryder gets some dialogue in the can.

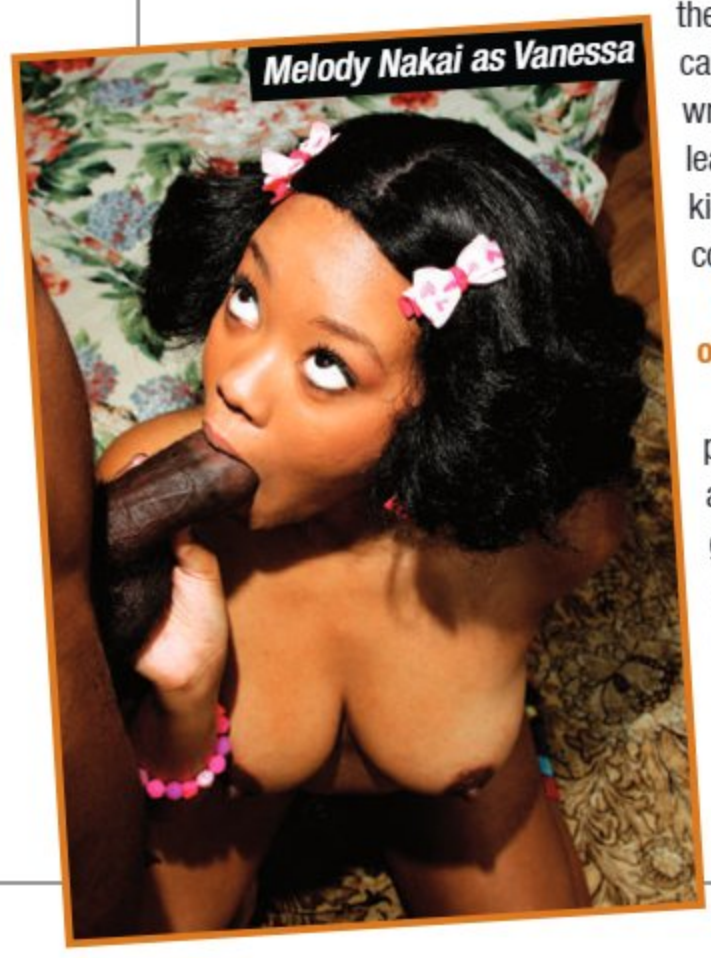
How many porn films actually make a profit?

In the old days they all made a huge profit. It was the Wild West. That's why I left the music industry, which tanked, by the way, because of free music downloads. I wanted to get into this gold rush because I thought how hard could this be? Everybody's a millionaire and getting laid by beautiful porn stars. I thought dating and banging these girls would be wonderful. In many ways it is. But nowadays at least a third to half of the movies produced are not profitable. But that doesn't stop people from jumping in and losing their shirts. I got lucky creating this sex-comedy company with Scott David. Our *sitcums* make big profits, but they're very hard to make.

What kind of sexual performers does the industry need?

More girls that seem like they are actually in love with their male talent. I know that sounds crazy, but think about the stripper at the local titty bar who sucks your wallet dry. She doesn't do it by throwing her tits in your face or spinning around the pole. The good ones do it by looking into your eyes and giving you a flicker of hope that she actually likes you. I would like to see more of that raw emotion in porn girls, even if they're just faking it.

That said, sex performers will be extinct soon without some type of copyright enforcement. It is a shame that people think it is reasonable to steal copyrighted content or give it away. The federal government sits on its ass and does nothing to stop outright theft. With the easy access to porn these days, any eight-year-old kid can watch graphic sex. That is just wrong. I'm not for censorship, but at least block porn from being free so kids aren't watching it. And put the content thieves in jail!


Melody Nakai as Vanessa

Is it a misconception that anyone can be a porn star?

Very few people can become porn stars, and even fewer men are capable of doing what these guys do. Most guys think they could fuck girls on camera, but it's completely different than fucking them in your own bed. Think about it: You have a camera halfway up your ass, there is a lighting guy staring you in the face, it's hot as hell, and you stop and start constantly. Not easy!

What taboos are left in porn?

Just about everything has been exploited. SexZ Pictures and others pushed a lot of hard-core boundaries over the past few years like pissing and fisting. From a physical standpoint, everything has been done. There's only so many parts of the human body that can fit inside another person. Frankly, I'm not really into the circus-type sex acts because I don't think it's very sexy. I like beautiful ladies with pretty faces and attractive pussies enjoying a nice fuck.

Why haven't you been sued for your porn parodies?

We could get sued any minute, but we are working in such a fair-use area of the law that the big companies with TV copyrights don't want to put a bigger spotlight on our movies. Plus, it's doubtful if they could win under existing law. X-Play never makes a mockery of their shows. For us, it might be a bonus to have a national lawsuit. We would sell a ton more DVDs and VOD buys.

What's your advice to talent?

Be on time, be clean and bang the director. I'm just kidding about the first two. Really though, most performers are quite professional. No complaints.

Monica Foster as Claire

What's the hardest part about directing a sex scene?

Directing a sex scene is easy in many ways but difficult from a physical standpoint because I handle my own camera. These cameras aren't built to be moving in and out of the action and held steady in your hands for hours on end. I have to have a two-hour Thai massage each night before I shoot, and I'm still sore as hell afterwards. Directing a sex movie with a big story is difficult in every way. Plus, we work with such cute girls that sometimes I want to jump into the scene and bang the girl myself. I haven't done that yet and most likely won't, but most of these girls are addicting in one capacity or another, and you just want to fuck them all.

What's the best thing a woman can do to convince you of her sexual skills?

Give a great blowjob. Everything starts from the BJ, and if you can get a girl that really loves to have a dick in her mouth, that is a wonderful thing. The only other way to impress me is to show me your sexual skills following a nice dinner and a couple of beers at my house and tell me that you want to see me again. Color me impressed.

Spock (Tony De Sergio) finds **Trekkie** Jenna Haze "fascinating."

***Star** cadet Codi Carmichael beats Sasha Grey in the Enterprise cowgirl contest.*

This Ain't Star Trek XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: JENNA HAZE, SASHA GREY, AURORA SNOW, JADA FIRE, CODI CARMICHAEL, EVAN STONE, TONY DE SERGIO, CHEYNE COLLINS & NICK MANNING.

"They boldly go where no man has come before!" goes the tagline. Actually, tons of men have come before on the likes of Jenna Haze and Sasha Grey, but we're always happy to see it again. Once horny alien Jenna purrs to Spock, "Looking for love, Vulcan?," this tribute to the ultimate sci-fi classic kicks into warp speed. Production values are high, and the chicks are A-list. But porn stud Evan Stone steals the show, nailing Kirk's corny delivery and, of course, Sasha Grey's Vulcan twat. After "filling in" Aurora Snow on his arrival, Kirk nemesis Khan (Nick Manning) releases a nasty virus to seize control of the *Enterprise*. The only antidote is—you guessed it—orgasmic ecstasy. The male crew is happy to oblige, with Kirk and Spock eventually ganging up on Uhura (Jada Fire) in the scene we've waited 40 years to see. Guess what, geeks: Uhura's into double penetration. Beam us in! Disc 2 features a behind-the-scenes landmark: Evan Stone getting his hair chopped to play Kirk. Great work demands sacrifice. ***—M.J.***

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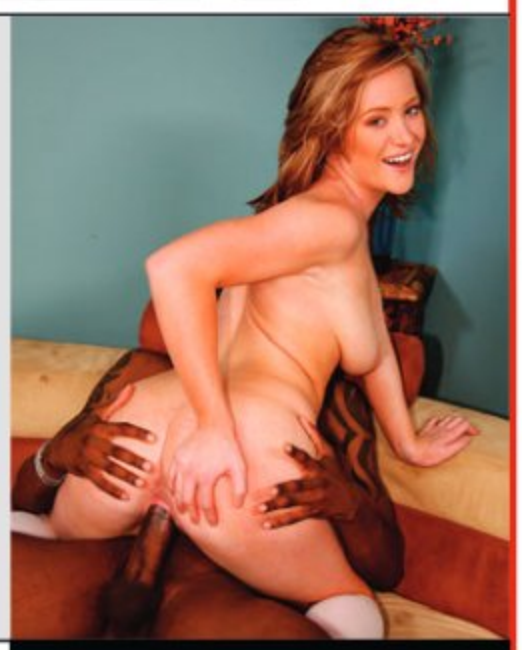

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Naomi Cruise gets a pony ride in Barely Legal Black in the Saddle.

***Bad Girl** Shay Jordan takes the blind taste test.*

*Serena Del Rio adds an exotic twist to **Bad Girls**.*

*Super**Bad:** Stoya tries her first double-dick special.*

*Who's **Bad**? Gabriella Fox busts a move.*

Bad Girls

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: STOYA, SERENA DEL RIO, SHAY JORDAN, GABRIELLA FOX, KELLY SUMMER, MICK BLUE, RAMON NOMAR, SCOTT NAILS & TONY DE SERGIO.

Apparently, not all girls who fuck on camera for cash are bad. Some are wholesome, churchgoing types who just like putting a smile on your face. Not these girls. Digital Playground trotted out its most wayward talent for a set of vaginal vignettes. The cast will get no complaints from us, and after watching *Bad Girls* we wanted to take a nap. But honestly, it wasn't nearly as raunchy as we thought it would be. Maybe "Bad" refers to the chicks' taste in slutwear. At any rate, the skinny and entrancing Stoya—who bangs two guys at once for the first time—throws herself into her scene with the kind of filthy fervor that can save a whole movie. Not that the other ladies aren't worth the watch. Gabriella Fox kicks off the flick with a standard runthrough and tits too good to be true (because they're not). And sultry, lanky, strapped-to-a-bed Brazilian beauty Serena Del Rio will hypnotize you with her perky nips and puffy pussy. Like its title suggests, *Bad Girls* is basic porn: The girls are pretty, they get the job done, and at least one of them will make you watch her scene more times than you should. ***—M.J.***

*Dahlia Denyle is the best multitasker in **The Office**.*

The Office: A XXX Parody

NEW SENSATIONS. DIRECTOR: LEE ROY MYERS. STARRING: ASHLYNN BROOKE, ALEXIS TEXAS, JENNA HAZE, STEPHANIE SWIFT, GIANNA MICHAELS, CODI CARMICHAEL, DAHLIA DENYLE, FAYE REAGAN, JAMES DEEN, DANE CROSS, RALPH LONG, ROCCO REED & MARK WOOD.

New Sensations jumped into the porn spoof wave and made a huge splash with this hilarious take on TV's popular mock-reality sitcom. Ashlynn Brooke plays Michelle, the awkward, full-of-herself boss whose coffee cup says "World's Bust Boss" and who believes in "the three Fs: fun, funny and interoffice fucking." It's the day of the sexual harassment seminar, of course, so bosomy Ashlynn—an instant HR violation in a power skirt and tight sweater—invites Gianna Michaels to strip and demonstrate what real harassment looks like. Ashlynn then raises the bar by mounting a threesome with the HR "douscher" and his "babe in training," Alexis Texas. That's right, Ashlynn and Alexis in the same juicy scene. Hard drive overload! Brooke turns in such a funny, spirited performance, not even desktop fuckbunnies Jenna Haze and Codi Carmichael can upstage her. With a witty script, great cast and enough solid fornication to give any HR cop a coronary, trust us, there is no better movie to watch at work. NBC should consider boosting its ratings by ditching that Steve Carell guy for Ashlynn Brooke. Seriously. ***—M.J.***

*Gianna, Faye, Ashlynn and Alexis put the **XXX** in sexual harassment.*

Peep Show #3: *Jessica Bangkok keeps the customers coming.*

Marie McCray gives her ***Show*** *the personal touch.*

Asa Akira is Peep Show's tightest coin box.

Peep Show #3

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MIKE JOHN. STARRING: AVY SCOTT, ASA AKIRA, EVIE DELATOSSO, MARIE McCRAY, LONDON KEYES, JESSICA BANGKOK, DIA ZERVA, ERIK EVERHARD, STEVEN FRENCH, SEAN MICHAELS, TONY RIBAS & JAMES DEEN.

Remember when you stood in a booth that stunk like week-old sweat and splooge, dropped a quarter in the slot and waited for the little window to open just to get a look at some lazy chick's pussy on a rotating platform? Well, this movie proves those days are dead. Mike John's latest ass-reaming installment of his *Peep Show* series features zero nostalgia and seven pieces of high-performance ass getting fucked silly. This flick will get you hard before the title sequence is over, but save your spurt for the deep anal dicking. Asian doll Asa Akira ably lays the groundwork, as it were, followed by some intense colonic commitment from blond beauty Dia Zerva on Sean Michaels's flagpole. Redhead Marie McCray brings her sunburned boobs to the party, which is nice, but we're tapping Asians London Keyes and Jessica Bangkok as the marquee attractions. They'll give 110% for every quarter. *PS3* isn't the most imaginative smut you've ever seen, but the ol' peep show always was aimed at one thing: covering the floor and coin box with cum and leaving it for somebody else to clean up. Now you can do the same thing with your own TV!

—M.J.

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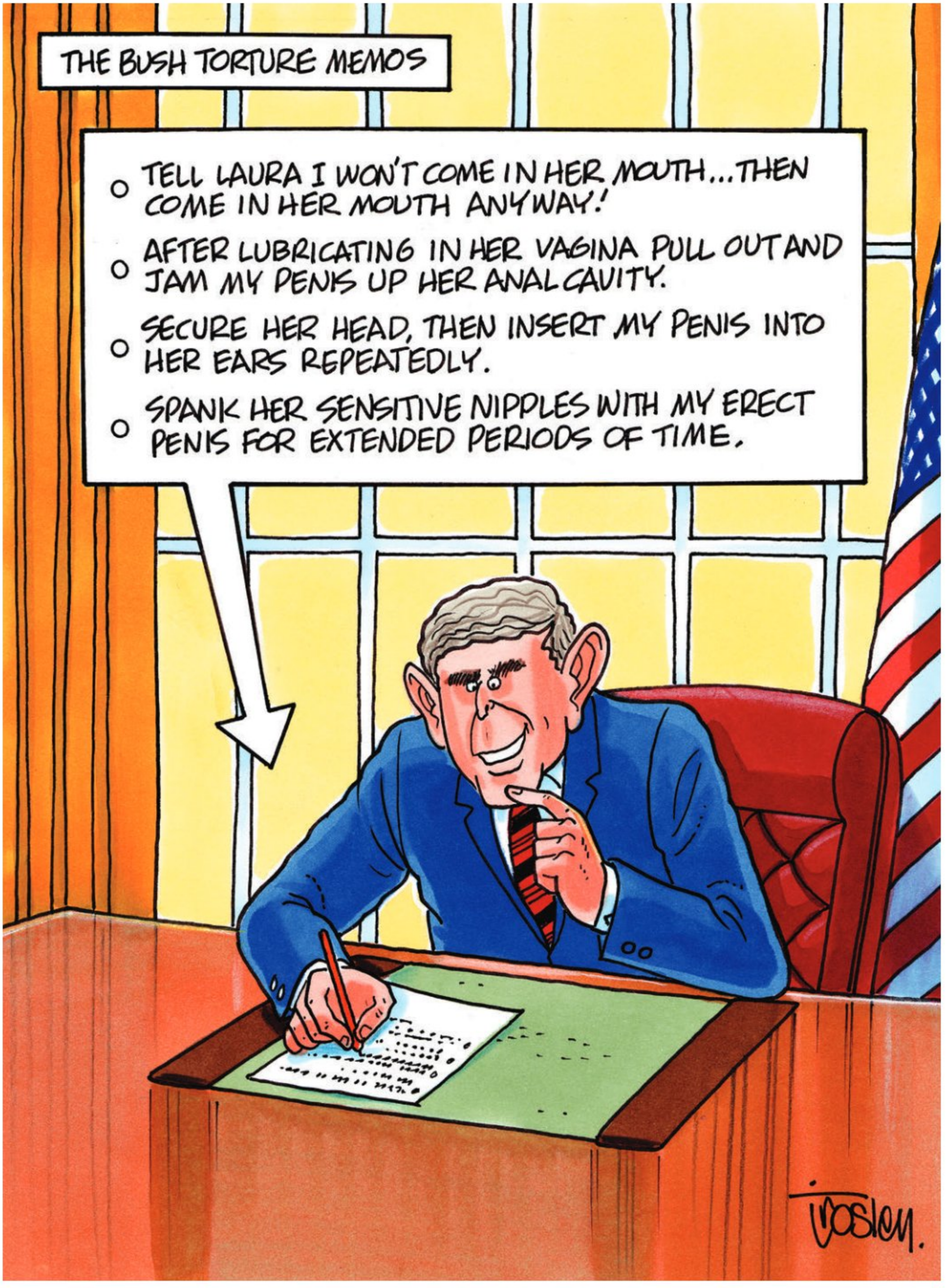

THE BUSH TORTURE MEMOS
TELL LAURA I WON'T COME IN HER MOUTH...THEN COME IN HER MOUTH ANYWAY!
AFTER LUBRICATING IN HER VAGINA PULL OUT AND JAM MY PENIS UP HER ANAL CAVITY.
SECURE HER HEAD, THEN INSERT MY PENIS INTO HER EARS REPEATEDLY.
SPANK HER SENSITIVE NIPPLES WITH MY ERECT PENIS FOR EXTENDED PERIODS OF TIME.
TOLES.

Hose Monster

MIKO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

This photo-shoot was really funny," the lovable Miko chuckles, "because I know how to handle a hose. I'm very good at giving head. I've had a lot of practice, and you know what they say: Practice makes perfect."

Does the red-hot fellatio fan swallow? "Of course!" Miko bellows. "I think you're cheating the guy and yourself if you don't. I know some girls think it's gross, but seriously, how can a girl say she likes sucking cock if she's not willing to gulp down the load? But I don't demand it. If a guy wants to come on my tits or ass, that's cool too. Whatever gives the man the most pleasure when he's coming is okay by me."

Miko has had her fair share of sex partners, but not one who shoots water out of his hose. "I've never dated a firefighter," she explains, "which is odd because I like macho guys. I usually fall for frat boys and football players. That's good and bad. They tend to be great in bed but not all that smart."

Set in her ways, **Miko** admits, “My mother says I’m drawn to losers. I guess I think I can fix a guy. You see, most of my boyfriends don’t have steady jobs. I’m into struggling actors and musicians too. That works because if a guy doesn’t have a job, it means he’s free to play with me any time I need it. And I need it—a lot!”

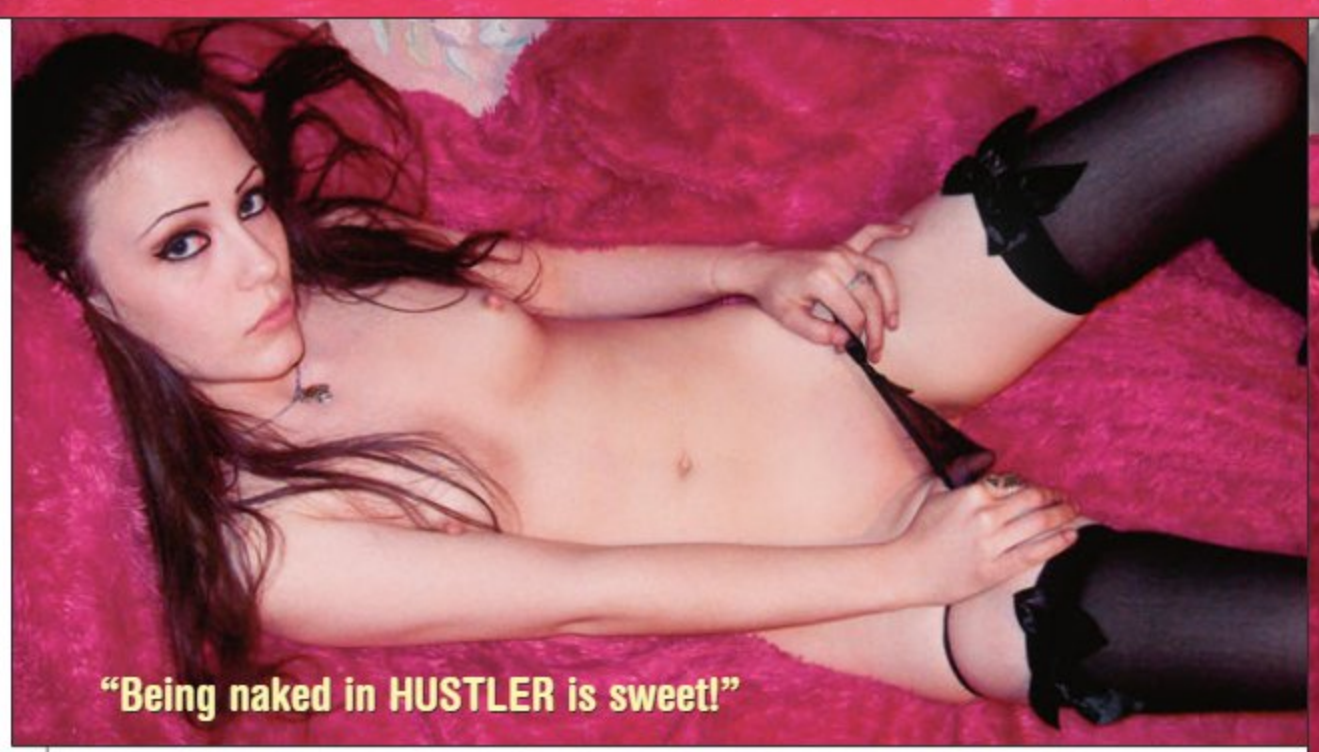
MIKO'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Kent, Washington | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 125

Our previous roundup blasted off with Amber, a poet from Morgantown, Indiana. Now it's time to introduce her younger—by nine minutes—twin sister. "Modeling nude was both of our ideas," relates "fun, loving, kind and unique" Angela, 23, an artist. "We love to do everything together. We're crazy, sexy and wild best friends!" Detailing her own penchants, this half of the duo holds nothing back. "In my leisure time I enjoy painting, horseback riding and swimming," Angela rattles off, "not to mention sunbathing naked in the summer. I also enjoy walking through the house naked because I feel free and uninhibited." Is she ever! Also "aggressive, seductive and kinky," the 5-foot-5 looker asserts, "I'm a great girl to watch television with because I like pretty much anything, but you won't be watching the TV much if I'm next to you. I love sex, and I've done it anywhere you can think of—in the woods, in our driveway and at work with my boss one day! I give awesome blowjobs and get off watching the expression on the guy's face while I'm doing it. But there's nothing hotter than a man who knows how to lick a pussy." Angela, a role-playing fancier whose fave cinematic flick is *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*, also savors a good screw, but with a stipulation: "Having tried anal once, I've come to the conclusion I'd rather have a hard dick inside my kitty." We've come to the conclusion that "crazy for chocolate" Angela is tempting eye candy. What will she and her sibling cook up next? —Photos by Mother

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

ANGELA

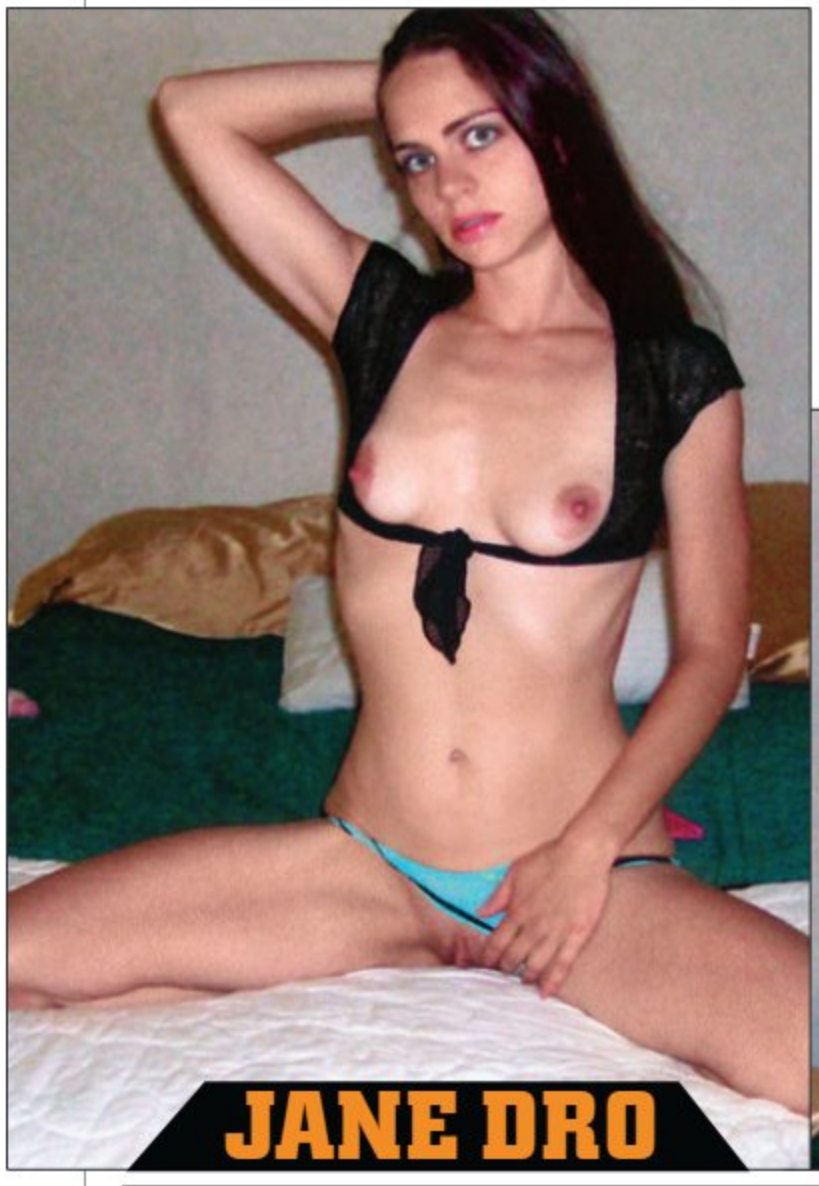
"My fantasy would be having sex while body painting on a large canvas. A little messy, but what's not to love?"



"Being naked in HUSTLER is sweet!"

APRIL

Since April aspires to be a game warden, and she's hitting the 21 milestone in November, we've made the onetime HUSTLER Real College Girl a Beaver. The Brainerd Central Lakes College sophomore is most worthy. "I'm a pure fuckin' rebel at heart even though I'm from the North," howls the bodacious and admittedly tomboyish six-footer out of Hewitt, Minnesota. "Yes, someday the South will rise again!" For her redneck pastimes she lists "fishing (especially ice), hunting, four-wheeling, mudding and drinking beer with my buds." But April truly rises to the occasion by describing her sexual tastes: "I've been told I'm a wild and crazy lover," she roars, "and the rougher the better. I prefer being with girls, but cowboys with hot butts can take me any way they want—even in mine!" Happy birthday! —Photos by Boyfriend



JANE DRO

"I have always dreamed of being in a porn mag," declares this "happily married, always-horny" housewife from Chidester, Arkansas. "It's cool that guys will be looking at my pictures." But Jane Dro, 29, is just warming up. "My hobbies are kinda boring," she notes. "I like to paint, make jewelry and deer hunt. But when the kids are tucked into bed, my sex life is anything but boring. I'm a small-town country girl who loves a good, rough fucking. Pull my hair, spank my ass and smack me around. I love doggy-style, and anal is good sometimes too. But my favorite thing is when hubby eats my pussy. That's awesome! And when he's done, I'll return the favor by taking in his thick, eight-inch cock till I gag. I even let him come on my face when he's good." For a grand finale the 5-foot-1 Dixie pixie spits out, "One of my fantasies would be to make a porn movie with two guys. Getting my pussy fucked really hard and choking on a big cock with the cameras rolling sounds so yummy!" —Photos by Husband

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

SCARLET

Here's a fetching 21-year-old from San Antonio, Texas, who waitresses at a sports bar, but "independent, outgoing and fun-loving" Scarlet has never been sportier for spectators. "This is the first time I ever wore less than a bikini for pictures," the 5-foot-1 nude-modeling aspirant lays on the table. "I hope starting off in HUSTLER takes me where I want to go. Playing *Gears of War* on Xbox Live naked broke the ice. I'm a video game freak." Scarlet also squeezes in social networking, painting and the Las Vegas *CSI*, but the "college football expert" really gears up for touting her hetero-only rolls in the hay: "I'm a freak. I could have sex all the time. I love giving head and being on top any which way so I have control, but reverse cowgirl is the best. I love trying new things and dressing up. I love being tied up and tying someone up." Scarlet—who insists, "I almost always get my way!"—ties things up with a smoldering fantasy: "While I'm waitressing, a bunch of sweaty firefighters walk in, and we have us an orgy. I'd be in hose heaven!" —Photos by Friend

OLGA

This Des Moines, Iowa, restaurant manager turned 18 in July 1974, right when HUSTLER debuted. Now a grandmother who's "loyal and treats guys right," Olga remarks, "I'm not as reserved as I used to be. I have a secret nasty side. One day I fucked in the bathroom at a gas station. I can't believe I'm 53." She's also 5-foot-7 and big on "going to the beach, baseball, *Sex and the City* and playing with toys." On that note, Olga muses, "My fantasy is to find two extremely well-endowed men and have them fuck me every way imaginable while my boyfriend videotapes us." —Photos by Boyfriend

KAT

"It's such a shame I didn't do this sooner," reckons Kat, 39, a sales manager from Crestline, Ohio. "I was kinda shy once. Knowing guys will be seeing me naked is a big turn-on. I hope they take matters into their own hands." For the record, "multi-orgasmic" Kat does, but the 5-foot-9 "shopping, going to the beach and girl-watching" buff hands over even more stimulating chatter: "I'm very bi," Kat purrs. "Feeling and smelling a woman's soft skin makes me horny. I also love my fiancé's huge cock. I enjoy giving him blowjobs and doggy-style—the harder the better. Fast is good!" Toots statuesque Kat, who roots for the Cleveland Browns and regularly catches *Two and a Half Men*, "My fantasy is to be in a porn film with two other women." —Photos by Fiancé

SEXY LITTLE MAMA

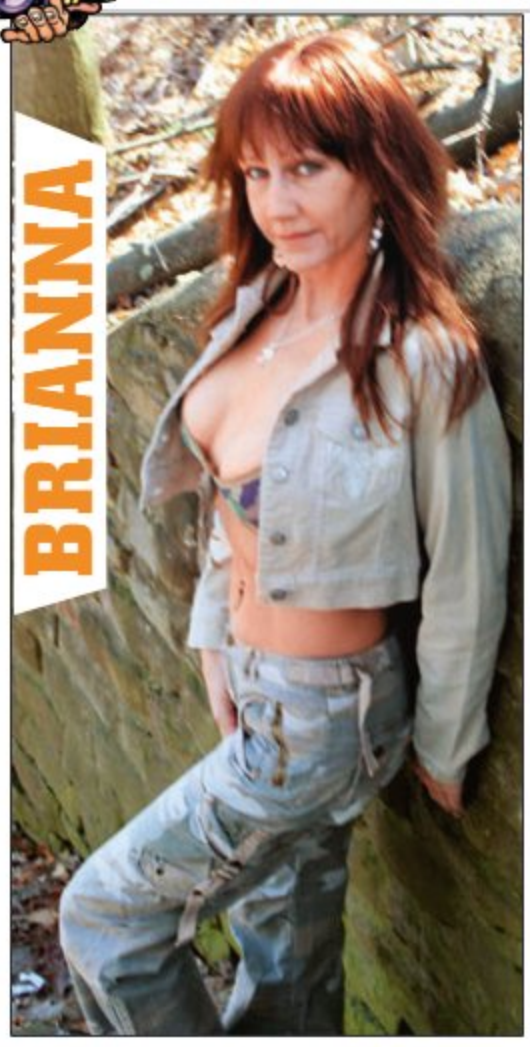
We have a monetary gift for this 5-foot-2 cashier from Lewisville, Texas, who was born in Korea in November 1980 and digs "playing the piano naked and hot, wild sex." Keen on "making your readers horny," Sexy Little Mama waxes, "I'm straight, but I'd love to have a threeway with my guy and Tex Hagen's Cambodian sweetheart. Tex showed us her pic when he came to town last year. She's hot." So's Sexy Little Mama, even if you can only look but not dive in! —Photos by Boyfriend

ALEXA

■ "It's a turn-on that men will be seeing me naked," coos Alexa, 23, a "kind-hearted" salesclerk from Kona, Hawaii. "But I doubt my congregation will approve of this." Since HUSTLER readers will approve wholeheartedly, we'll drop some moolah into the 5-foot-7 single gal's collection plate. "I like handling money," a grateful Alexa owns up. "I used to be a bank teller." And what a blessing! The fervent churchgoer shamelessly handles posing nude for the first time and making stark revelations. "I'm bisexual and good at giving head," the "Christian rock, Polynesian dance and clubbing" devotee discloses. "I'm pretty aggressive, so I like being on top. Sorry, I'm not into anal, and I don't masturbate. I'd rather find a Good Samaritan to help me out with that." Alexa, welcome to *Believer Hunt*.

—Photos by Friend

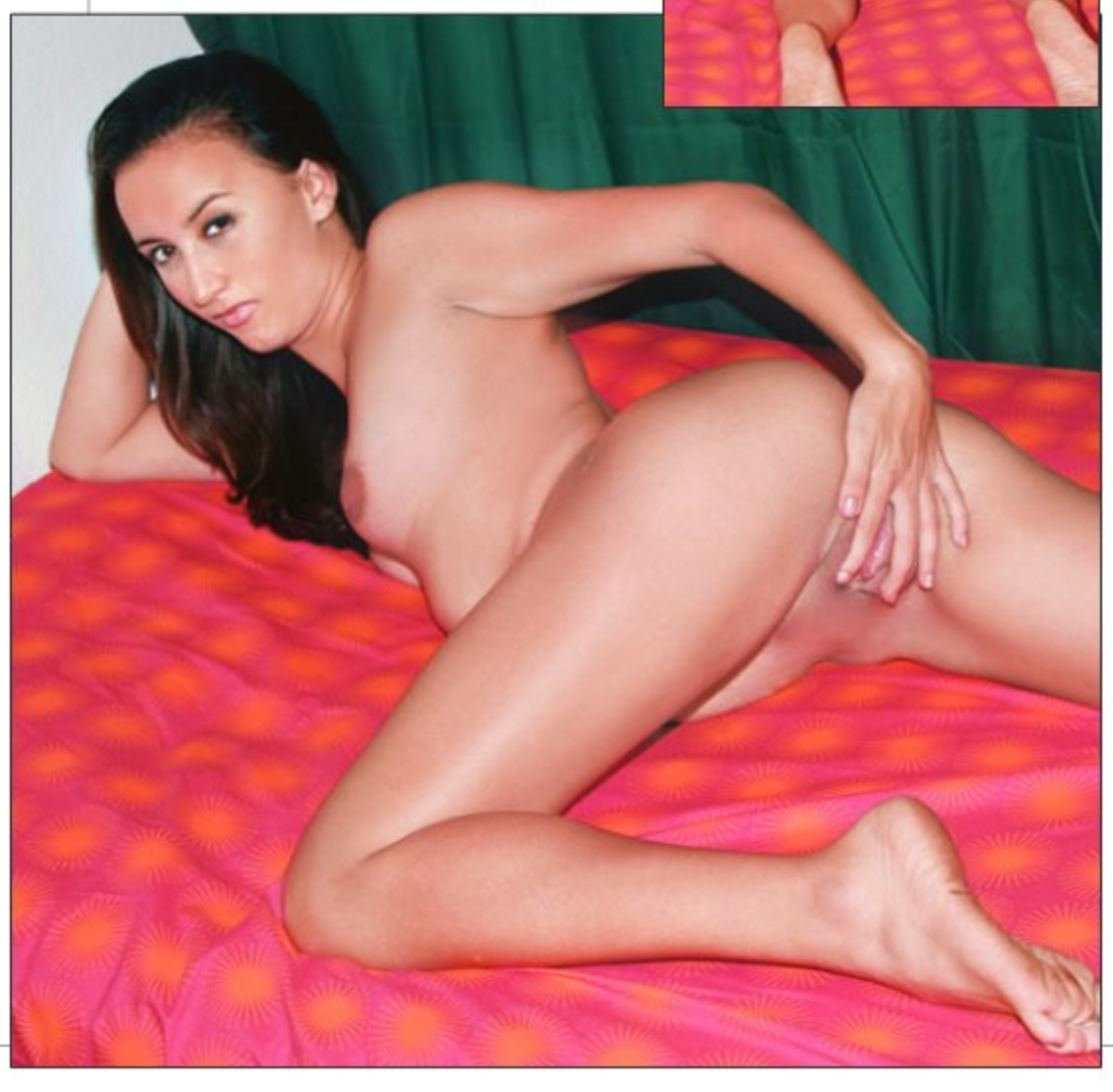
BRIANNA



"You only get one life, so never say never," proclaims Brianna, 49, an office 9-to-5er from Buffalo, New York. "I've loved being in the spotlight since I was a hard-rock band's lead singer in the '80s. That's why I started nude modeling when I was 44. I also love hockey, NASCAR and ghost-hunting. That's so crazy-scary!" Now *Beaver Hunt*-ing in the buff, the 5-foot-8 musical virtuoso (flute, guitar, piano) can extol on her "I'm a nice girl with a dirty mind" label: "When it comes to sex, I have to be in control. My favorite position is on all fours. My pussy-squeezing technique drives men crazy! Same with my blowjobs. I wish more women watched porn because it's such a great teacher! Give a man what he wants and make him feel like a king! I like to tease, lick and suck. Come all over my face, baby! I love it! I did my job well, and the favor is always returned! Licking my clit and fingering me will have my legs quivering for an hour afterward!" Two enchanting scenarios also make Brianna quiver. "I've only been with another woman in my fantasies," she fesses up. "What is more beautiful than two sexy women pleasing each other? And if anyone can pull this one off, it's me: I'm dying to have sex with a ghost on a train!" —Photos by Husband

PRECIOUS

Once a champion swimmer, this 18-year-old resident of Sunland, New Mexico, is tickled pink to be getting her feet wet as a skin-mag virgin. "I love being naked," yelps Precious, who toils as a sales associate at a mall clothing store. "I can't help it. I love to show off my body, especially my hot-for-cock Brazilian booty." In addition to being a rain dancing enthusiast, the 5-foot-4 eye-catcher avidly listens to rap, reggae and salsa music, while her amorous self-assessment is a listener's delight. "I'm feisty, kinky and crazy," divulges Precious, whose fave TV show is—most fittingly—*Bad Girls Club*. "I give very good head to both guys and girls. Props to my tongue ring! I also love having my pussy eaten out. And when I'm fucking, I love being spanked and getting my hair pulled." As bedtime nears, Precious provides an exotic and aquatic fantasy: "I want to have sex under a waterfall in Brazil." —Photos by Friend



WIN BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* and *Real College Girls* competitions want you! Every gal whose images are printed in HUSTLER Magazine gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* or *Real College Girls* are entitled to a 12-issue subscription to HUSTLER. If interested, fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation and pics. We hope to see you here soon.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

Real College Girls applicants: check box below.

City | State | Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

☐

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) | Date (month/date/year)

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

Museum Piece

MARCH 1978

HUSTLER CLASSIC

BONNIE

Bonnie says life is a path we all must follow, so why not make it a path strewn with beautiful objects and wonderful experiences?

And for **Bonnie**, a most important item in her collection is the right man. "I like gentlemen, and I like blondes. I like to be treated tenderly, as if my lover's only mission in life is to please me."

When she wants a not-so-tender treatment, **Bonnie** steps onstage at the Palm Beach nightclub where she is an exotic dancer. "I can stand onstage and feel the heat from a roomful of males whose only desire is me! It's as if their energy fills my body, and I become the sole object of their passion. There are hundreds of men who would give anything to spend even a moment with me."

Like a curator of precious artifacts, **Bonnie** acquires and revels in the sensual. But her body is her greatest treasure. And **Bonnie** would rather possess than be possessed.

The December '09 issue goes on sale September 29, 2009. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

DANIELLE TRIXIE

COMING NEXT

DAY IN THE LIFE: PORN STAR DANA DeARMOND

As one of America's most popular XXX performers, Dana DeArmond will do almost any freaky thing imaginable once a director yells "Action!" But off-camera the alt-porn superstar is surprisingly reclusive and self-conscious. To find out what's going on behind the scenes and inside her head, we asked writer Justin Hampton to hang with Dana. She's a mind-blower!

IS THE U.S. DOLLAR CIRCLING THE DRAIN?

Award-winning journalist Christopher Hedges warns that China, Russia and other major U.S. trade partners are ready to dump the dollar. If that happens, America's financial and military domination will end, and our economy will flatline.

OUCH! SPIRITED MASTER OF ASS-SPANKING ART

Inspired by female beauty, an artist known as the Spirit cranks out fantastic images that are not only sexually charged but also distinctively witty. Since the predominant theme is spanking bare bottoms, we just couldn't resist showcasing a hearty handful of the Spirit's kinky, rosy-cheeked damsels. They're hot!

OFF-THE-WALL MARRIAGE BOND

While delving into the world of bondage, discipline and sadomasochism, reporter Lisa Rose came across "master" Ed and his always-obedient wife/slave Karen. Besides raising a typical suburban family, the BDSM buffs mentor neophytes in their New Jersey community. Want to be captivated? A visit to the kinky couple's secret dungeon awaits.

FOOTBALL BETTING TIPS

Americans wager more than $50 billion every football season despite the fact that it's almost impossible for an average Joe to consistently come out ahead. So before throwing away another dime on an NFL or college game, check out Chris Maloney's football betting tips. They just might keep you out of the poorhouse.

HARD-ROCKIN' Q&A WITH ACE FREHLEY

Former KISS guitarist Ace Frehley pulls no punches in our exclusive interview with Music Editor Keith Valcourt. The legendary rocker dishes the dirt on KISS's glory days, why Gene Simmons is so shady and the proper use of champagne bottles. (Groupies were involved.)